SCENES

OF THE

CIVIL WAR IN HUNGARY.

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IN 1848 AND 1849;

WITH

THE PERSONAL ADVENTURES

OF

AN AUSTRIAN OFFICER

IN

THE ARMY OF THE BAN OF CROATIA.

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PREFACE.

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

The late Civil War in Hungary will assuredly form a prominent subject in the history of the world for the last two years.

Whether it originated in a spark communicated by the revolutionary explosion in France; whether it arose from discontent excited by ambitious demagogues in the inflammable minds of a portion of the population of Hungary; or whether the inhabitants of that country had any real grievances, any oppressive acts of their government, to complain of, appears to me to be a question which yet remains to be

solved. So much, however, is certain, that this insurrection furnishes additional evidence, if any were needed, of the invariably sanguinary spirit of mob-rule, as manifested in the great prototype of succeeding revolutions—the first French Revolution; in the rising of the Spaniards against a foreign usurper: and in recent events at Frankfurt and Vienna.

The people of Hungary are composed of descendants from a greater number of races than any other nation of Europe, and each of these races keeps itself remarkably distinct. Of these, the descendants of the Magyar and of the Slavonian, or Slowack, races are by far the most numerous. The latter occupy almost exclusively the mountainous tracts; the former the extensive plains, which are more favourable to their peculiar pursuits — agriculture and the breeding of cattle, particularly of horses.

According to the earliest accounts, the

Magyars were settled, for several centuries after the Christian era, in the countries to the northward of the Caspian Sea. Some authors derive their origin from the Parthians; but, according to Fessler, the historian of Hungary, they belong to the great Turkish clan.

About the end of the seventh century, they removed into Europe, and took possession of the countries between the Dnieper and the Don, where they remained for two hundred years; till, thrust out by the migration of another Asiatic horde, they pushed on into Dacia and Pannonia; and there founded, in the latter half of the ninth century, a kingdom since called Hungary. To this tribe the late outbreak—let us call it at once by its proper name, rebellion—seems to have been exclusively confined.

Of the general character and sentiments of the Magyars, the Letters contained in the following sheets present abundant illus-

trations; and the enthusiastic patriotism of them all, from the highest to the lowest, would be entitled to warm admiration, had it been exerted in a better cause. This feeling, indeed, had the effect of thinning considerably the ranks of the Austrian army, and of proportionably strengthening those of the insurgent force with its best troops.

It would appear that the insurgents themselves knew not for what object they were hazarding their lives, and making large sacrifices of property in voluntary contributions. We find in these Letters that, on one occasion, when the Writer reproached some of the soldiers who had formerly been under his command with having deserted their sovereign, they replied that they still acknowledged the Emperor Ferdinand to be their King, and had no desire to change him; but that they could not tamely suffer the Austrian Generals to come into Hun-

gary, and to divide the land among whomsoever they pleased. Kossuth, they argued, said that this was the case; and whatever Kossuth said was true.

If it was upon representations so utterly groundless that a large portion of the Hungarian population could be induced to rise in arms against the legitimate government, it must be admitted that much sympathy has been thrown away in this country upon an unworthy cause.

There is, however, in Hungary an object that prefers irresistible claims to the interposition of the British Government and of this generous nation—I allude to the state of our unfortunate fellow-Protestants in that kingdom. The doctrines of the Reformation, promulgated by the disciples of Huss, who was burned as a heretic by the decree of the Popish council of Constance, in 1415, found such extensive acceptance in Hungary, that, on the foundation of the Pro-

testant Church there, in 1525, it comprehended almost all the magnates and two-thirds of the population.

Deprived successively of their equal political and civil rights, robbed of their churches, and subjected to a series of most oppressive regulations—not for rebellion, not even for imputed discontent—but by means of concessions to the Romish clergy, wrung from the weak consciences of successive priest-ridden sovereigns, by confessors and Jesuits, animated by the spirit of persecution inherent in Popery to labour with zeal for the extermination of heresy—the members of the Protestant Church have by such means been greatly reduced in number and prosperity.

The English reader will scarcely believe that, even now, in the middle of this nineteenth century, the institution of Bible Societies is forbidden; that the Bible in the Hungarian language is liable to confisca-

tion; and that literary intercourse in general with foreign countries is clogged with all sorts of prohibitory obstructions. Here, then, I repeat it, is a subject which claims, with irresistible force, the warmest sympathies of this Protestant nation, and the most energetic interposition of the British government.

If this volume is rendered highly interesting by the political and military views which it opens, I must confess that I consider it still more valuable for the light which it throws on the manners, customs, and way of thinking of the people of Hungary, with which the Writer of these Letters had the best opportunities to make himself acquainted. I am greatly mistaken, however, if readers in general will not regard the claims of the work on these accounts as far surpassed by the intense interest attached to the narrative of the Writer's Personal Adventures, which fully verifies the

remark that truth is often more romantic than fiction.

For my own part, I cannot help thinking that it possesses a still superior merit, which ought to make it a manual for all, but for the young in particular, whose pursuits expose them to hardships, perils, and rapid changes of fortune; inasmuch as it teaches by example, especially to the Soldier and the Sailor, under all the circumstances of their frequently chequered lives, that emphatic precept, which well deserves to be adopted for their motto,

NIL DESPERANDUM!

These Letters have been published in Germany, without date, and without the name of the Writer, who is everywhere represented in them as a German Officer in the service of the Emperor of Austria, in the army of the Ban of Croatia, and called in one place Baron W.

Ban, or Banus, a title derived from the

Slavonian word Ban — Lord — is a high official dignitary, possessing powers nearly similar to those that appertain to our Lord-Lieutenant—the military and civil government of his Province, called Banat. Before the conquest of a great part of Hungary by the Ottomans in the sixteenth century, there were several Banats along the Turkish frontier. The only one now existing is that of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia; the Ban of which is Baron Jellachich, whose eminent services largely contributed to the quelling of the late insurrection.

The German Editor, it will be seen, apologizes for having frequently omitted or given only the initials of the names of persons and places; because these, owing to the Letters being written in pencil, could not be deciphered with any certainty. This deficiency, of course, it has not been in my power to supply. All,

therefore, that could be done was to render the Translation in every respect conformable to the Original.

F. SHOBERL.

Brompton,
December 15, 1849.

CONTENTS.

LETTER VI.

LETTER VII.

LETTER VIII.

LETTER IX.

LETTER X.

LETTER XI.

SCENES

OF THE

CIVIL WAR IN HUNGARY.

LETTER I.

A glance at the Character of the Italians—Siege of Peschiera—March through Italy, and behaviour of the Italians—The Writer joins the Army of Baron Jellachich, Ban of Croatia—His person, character, anecdotes.

When I took leave of you last autumn, in the splendid Hôtel de l'Europe at Hamburg, to return to my regiment, little did I anticipate the changeful fortunes that I was so soon to experience. Let me tell you some other time of the scandalous treachery of the Milanese; and also of the perilous retreat, in a dark night, amidst the insurgent country-people, who fired at us incessantly from safe ambuscades. I have not my diary at hand just now.

Never while I live shall I forget that Milan-night; but signally have our brave fellows revenged this retreat; and they are again stationed as conquerors in a city, which fondly feasted itself with the vain notion that never would its walls again encompass an Austrian soldier. Indeed, the Italians must learn to fight in a different fashion, if they expect to cope with our squadrons and battalions: that is not to be accomplished by all their swaggering phrases and furious execrations, or by the thousand times repeated *Morte ai Tedeschi!* (Death to the Germans!) with which they loaded us on every occasion.

The brave and well disciplined Sardinian army alone gave a sanguinary colouring to this Italian campaign; while the Crociati, and all the other volunteer corps, by whatever names they call themselves, were, for the most part, a downright cowardly rabble. About the time passed in Peschiera, whither an untoward accident carried me, and where I was afterwards detained while my comrades were ranging over the open country, I shall write to you hereafter more circumstantially.

Those were trying, very trying days, which we were doomed to spend in that old den of stone. At last, our provisions were entirely consumed: we were then obliged to fall foul of dogs, cats, rats, mice, frogs—in short, everything that was eatable. The *table d'hôte* at Hamburg was rather better. For table-music we had the whizzing, the dashing, and the bursting of bombs, which often produced no slight disturbance. It was nevertheless a fine sight when the huge bombs, like fiery meteors, came flying towards us amid the darkness of night. But for the confounded bursting, which cost us many a brave fellow, we should have enjoyed the beautiful fireworks, to which we were not rarely treated. Our soldiers behaved admirably. It was gratifying to observe their calm courage, and the fortitude with which they endured dangers, as well as hunger and the most harassing service, without a murmur, or even a complaint.

While the House of Austria has such soldiers, it cannot be ruined, let its foes come from what quarter they will.

Not till we had fired our last cartridge, and

the Piedmontese were unable to reply—which we had hitherto done with all our energy—did we surrender the shattered fortress upon the most honourable terms. We were not to fight against Italy in this campaign; and were shipped at Ancona for Trieste. Well; the Emperor had still plenty of soldiers to send against the Italians, and we were quite as serviceable to him in another quarter. But grief and rage filled our hearts, when we saw our colours hauled down, and those of Piedmont hoisted in their stead; and, thousands of times as we had cursed Peschiera, still we were deeply grieved to be now obliged to leave it as the vanquished party.

The Piedmontese—I must say it to their credit—behaved on this occasion with decorum and dignity; and among their officers I made acquaintance with several highly-accomplished and agreeable men, with whom — notwithstanding the peculiar nature of our respective positions—I passed some very pleasant hours. Under no circumstances whatever would we have given up the fortress to any but regular troops: before we would have opened the gates

to free corps, we would have blown the place into the air with the last remnant of our powder.

With what appetite we once more sat down to our usual food and to the wine-cup, you may easily conceive. The spectacle, however, that we presented at our departure was anything but imposing; and a parade at Milan before Radetzky exhibited a very different sight. A pair of whole trousers were a rarity; and instead of shoes many had sandals made out of their useless knapsacks, fastened to the feet with thongs. All looked pale, famished, had long beards and hair, and many were bandaged; for none of the wounded that could possibly stir would stay behind. But, in spite of all their wants, our men maintained a bold bearing, and looked their enemies in the face daringly and defyingly. Had we, indeed, had a fresh supply of provisions and sufficient ammunition, we should not have cared much to be shut up again in Peschiera, and to undergo another siege.

As for myself, I had still a brilliant, nearly new uniform, as I had scarcely ever worn it

LETTER IV.

LETTER V.

LETTER VI.

LETTER VII.

LETTER VIII.

deem herself fortunate in possessing him and Radetzky precisely at the same moment.

Jellachich is of the middling height and size. His bearing is upright and truly military; his gait quick, as indeed are all his motions. His face, of a somewhat brownish tinge, has in it something free, winning, and yet determined. The high forehead, under the smooth black hair, is very striking. The eyes are large, hazel, and full of expression. In general, there is something extremely calm and gentle in their glance; but, when the Ban is excited, they flash, and have so stern—nay, so wild—a look as to curb even the most daring fellows. At the same time he is the mildest and kindest of officers. When but Captain, he had almost entirely abolished blows in his company; and, while commanding the second Banat regiment as Colonel, there were not so many punishments in it in a year as there were formerly in a month.

Here is just one instance of the care which the Ban takes of his men. Last winter, when he was still Colonel, Lieutenant Field-marshal D——, who commanded on the frontier,

fixed a certain hour for inspecting the regiment. There was a piercing frost, and the soldiers shook with cold; but the Lieutenant Field-marshal sat enjoying himself over his bottle at the tavern, leaving the regiment exposed to the cutting wind on the parade, to be frozen or petrified, for what he cared.

Jellachich waited nearly an hour beyond the appointed time; and the General not yet making his appearance, he ordered the regiment to disperse quietly. No sooner had it obeyed, than the General appeared upon the ground; but it was then too late, and the inspection could not take place.

This affair is said to have produced a great sensation, and, when reported to Vienna, to have been entered in the black book. But March has expunged this, like many other matters; and the Ban was in a few weeks promoted from Colonel to Lieutenant Field-marshal. The whole army, some antiquated nobs perhaps excepted, rejoiced at it. But this was nothing to the rejoicing with which, on the appointment of Jellachich to the office of Ban, he was received in Croatia and Sla-

vonia, and which is said to have defied description.

Never was General more beloved by his troops. Wherever he shows himself in a military village, all — old and young, little boys and aged men, ay, and pretty girls, too — all rush out to see him, to shake hands with him, and to greet him with one *Zivio!* after another. In battle, after the most fatiguing march; in bivouac, exposed to pouring rain; wherever and whenever the border-soldier espies his Ban, he joyously shouts his *Zivio!* and for the moment, bullets, hunger, weariness, and bad weather, are nothing at all to him.

The scene that I witnessed when the Ottochans, who had been with me in Peschiera, and who arrived a few days after me in Croatia, were reviewed by the Ban, I shall never forget. Old border-soldiers—who had often braved death, and not flinched when the bombs at Peschiera fell in their ranks—wept for joy, when Jellachich praised them for their good behaviour. And yet he told them at once that the repose at their own homes which they

had so richly earned and hoped to enjoy could not yet be granted to them; that, after a few days' rest, they must start for Hungary, to engage in fresh conflicts.

The language usually spoken by Jellachich is German; but he also understands Italian, French, Croatian, and has some knowledge of the Hungarian. His voice is soft and pleasing, but perfectly distinct when giving the word of command. He is unmarried; has not much property; lives simply and frugally, applying almost all that he can spare to the support of his soldiers.

I had now an opportunity to make myself intimately acquainted with the Slavonian and Croatian military frontier, and to acquire from personal observation an accurate notion of all the peculiarities of that frontier.

I shall transcribe for you a few particulars from my diaries.

LETTER II.

Military Frontier of Hungary; its Extent and Situation —Frontier troops—The Seressans; their personal appearance, costume—Dress of the other Border Troops; their character; military spirit of their Women; their personal beauty; their costume—Villages of the Borderers—Family Houses—Patriarchal manners—Service required of the Border-Soldier—Guard-posts.

The military frontier, which, as you know, furnishes eighteen regiments of infantry, and one of hussars, the well-known Szekler regiment, is composed of men belonging to several tribes, differing considerably in language, manners, and bodily conformation. The three Szekler regiments in Transylvania are of Magyar origin, and are now for the most part ranged on the side of the Hungarians. Oth r regiments—the Wallacho-Illyrian, for instance —comprehend a great number of Wallachians. In the Banat regiments, the Slavonian and Croatian, the Slavonian tribe predominates;

and about two-thirds of all the border-soldiers speak Slavonian, though, it is true, in widely differing dialects. But in this tract, upwards of 1000 (English) miles in length, from 20 to 60 broad, and extending from the Bocca di Cattaoo to the Moldau, there are many more discrepancies.

In the East is situated the lofty mountain range of Transylvania, the abode of the Szeklers; then the low marshy grounds of the Danube and the Saave; and, lastly, towards the West, the wild and lofty mountains of Ogulin stretch away to the Adriatic Sea. Here dwell the most uncouth, but the bravest, the hardiest, and at the same time well disciplined soldiers of the Liccan, Ottochan, and Ogulin border-regiments, all of whom, or at least as many as could possibly be spared, are now in Italy—tall, bony figures, with meagre faces, sharp features, the upper lip covered with a long moustache, not closely twisted up to a point, like that of the Magyars, but hanging loosely down.

The frame of such a borderer seems to be nothing but sinew and muscle; and with ease

—nay, without appearing to be at all affected by them—he endures hardships and fatigues to which we seasoned soldiers are scarcely equal. A piece of oaten bread, a dram of *sklikowitz*, (plum-brandy) suffice him, on an emergency, for a whole day; and the Ottochan, Ogulin, and Liccan soldier, as well as the men of the regiments of Kreutz and St. George, will march on untired alike in the most scorching heat and the most furious snow-storm, and desires no other couch than what the bare ground, no other roof than what the sky, afford him.

He possesses the shrewdness to avail himself of every petty advantage that offers, whether in reconnoitring an enemy's position, or in a hand to hand fight, and is a master in the use of arms. I have myself seen a Seressan, with his *stanitza*—(a long Turkish gun) for a wager, shoot the bowl off a short pipe, which a comrade, at the distance of eighty paces, had to hold up in one hand above his head. Any Seressan would wager ten to one that he hits a swallow as it flies, at thirty to forty paces; and, when one of them

misses, he becomes a laughing-stock to his comrades.

These Seressans are wild fellows, of singular aspect, such as is not to be found elsewhere in Europe. A high cap, of brown or black felt or fur, covers their long shaggy hair. The bearded face is lean, with sharp features, and darkly tanned. The spare, sinewy body is clad in a short brown jacket, with a half-standing collar, bordered with red braiding, and wide, dirty white linen trousers, tied at the ankle. The foot-clothing consists in wide blue and white stockings, drawn up to the thigh, and sandal-shoes fastened with thongs. Round the waist they wear a wide red or yellow sash, in which are stuck the broad Turkish handjar, usually in a red, richly ornamented sheath, and a long pistol, the but of which is often richly inlaid. A small cartouch-pouch hangs from a black bandelier, adorned with numerous yellow nail-heads, over the shoulder; on the other, the long Turkish gun, which has a very narrow barrel. These guns are frequently of very beautiful workmanship, enriched with ornaments of gold and silver,

and often of considerable value. In general they are booty taken in some Turkish war or other, and transmitted, as dearly prized heir-looms, from father to son, and hence almost all of them have very ancient locks.

In like manner as the hussar wears his pelisse, the Seressan has his long cloak, of a particular kind of thick woollen stuff, continually fastened about his neck, even in fine weather, by a double cord: it is lined and turned up with red, and provided behind with a large hood. From these cloaks they have obtained the name of Red-mantles; and under this designation, or that of Pandours, they acquired in the Seven Years' War, under Trenk's command, a somewhat equivocal reputation. In bad weather, the Seressan draws this cloak about him, throws the hood over his head and face, and thus defies the pelting of the most pitiless storm.

These people serve partly on foot, partly on small, mean-looking, but nimble and never-tiring horses, unequalled in particular for climbing the steepest hills. They constitute the frontier gendarmerie; live in constant hos-

tility with the wild predatory bands, which, coming from Bosnia and Dalmatia, frequently take up their abode here; and this occupation is apt to communicate something savage to themselves. If the Seressan can take the robber by surprise, he shoots him dead upon the spot, with the same *sang-froid* as we should shoot a hare: likewise the robber murders the Seressan when he falls into his hands; and often, in the most cruel manner, cutting off, while alive, ears and nose, and then hanging him on a tree. Both parties, who bear the most implacable hatred to each other, never think of taking prisoners: with them taking and hanging are synonymous.

If the Seressans, as well as the Croatian frontier regiments dwelling here, have not clever officers, who know how to maintain strict discipline, which, with a little energy, is not difficult, licentiousness is apt to creep in among them; but under good leaders they make the best soldiers in the world, especially for advanced post service. Subsequently, in Hungary, I have been the only officer of thirty or more Seressans, and have never had reason

to complain of want of obedience. Of course, the Ban, who is as much feared as beloved by them, understands how to keep up admirable discipline.

The clothing of the other frontier troops is precisely similar to that of the regular Hungarian regiments, except that, instead of white, they wear a brown uniform coat, with black leather accoutrements. The coats, indeed, now looked excessively shabby; and scarcely half the troops assembled by the Ban in Croatia and Slavonia, against Hungary, were in proper uniform. The field-battalions of the regiments were almost all in Italy; it was therefore necessary to call out the reserves and the third battalion; and very many of these men, in general no longer in the service, were out of uniform, and wore their brown cloaks and linen *gatjes* [trousers]. The officers and subalterns alone appeared in regular uniform. So torn and tattered were also the coats of some of the Ottochans who had come with me from Peschiera, that the men were obliged to fling them away, and to have recourse to their brown woollen cloaks and

their working jackets. These brave fellows had been but a few days at home, with their wives and children, before they were obliged to march off again; and they did so cheerfully and joyously, amidst hearty *Zivios!* for Jellachich.

What the military frontier, and particularly the Croatian and Slavonian part of it, has performed this year, is almost incredible. About 35,000 men were in Italy; 20,000 were required for the protection of the frontier itself; for the Bosnians, excited by agents of Kossuth's, taking advantage of the critical situation of affairs, attempted incursions; and yet the Ban, in not quite six weeks, brought together 36,000 men, who certainly were not so completely equipped as to be fit to appear at a review under the Linden (Limes) at Berlin, but, nevertheless, as fit for fighting, and animated by as good a spirit as could be wished.

What enthusiasm, what zeal for the Emperor and the independence of Croatia! I have myself seen, in districts of the Ottochan regiment, wives and maidens take up the

musket, and repair to the chain of posts on the Turkish boundary, that all the men might be able to take the field: and such an eight days' duty at these frontier posts is no trifle, and requires not a little firmness. Old, half-invalided, frontier subalterns, incapacitated for taking the field, were the commandants; young, many of them handsome females composed their troops. By my faith, I should have had no objection to be the commander of such a corps of Ottochan females myself!

They are almost all pretty — nay, even handsome; tall, elegant figures, yet plump; small feet, oval faces, long dark hair, hanging, braided into two tresses, far down the back; rather dark complexion, it is true, but at the same time dark, animated eyes, red lips, exquisitely beautiful teeth; and brisk and lively withal in manner and gesture. This, you see, accounts for the wish to command such a corps of Amazons. At any rate, it does one good to behold again friendly female faces, instead of seeing, as of late in Italy, tongues almost always stretched out at us. This was

really done, shortly before the outbreak of the revolution, by a lady of very high rank, who met me in her carriage, and whom I politely saluted, because I had been several times in companies with her. Besides, the costume of the female sex here is very handsome and ornamental. The sleeves of the chemise are neatly worked with a variety of arabesques, and every seam is braided with gay cording, and the stockings are generally coloured. A Croatian woman, in her Sunday dress, looks just like a female peasant on the stage.

And these women frequently astonish by their courage and fortitude. We had wives of frontier soldiers with us in Peschiera, and on the march through Hungary, who equalled the men in the endurance of fatigue, and displayed undaunted courage in battle. In Hungary, we had with us a young Croatian, the daughter of an old Seressan, who was as daring a rider as the best hussar, and more than once fearlessly joined the men in the charge. An Hungarian *jurat* gave her, in an action, a cut on the right cheek, which she returned with a severe blow on the arm,

seized the bridle of his horse, and took him prisoner. This horse, a gray stallion, she ever afterwards rode, and refused to sell, though I offered her forty ducats for him.

The villages of the borderers in the mountains are mean and scattered, the houses almost all in the Swiss style. In the rich plain of Slavonia, on the other hand, where wine, maize, wheat, and capital vegetables of all sorts are grown in abundance, the villages are large and regular. Fine alleys, mostly of plum-trees, which are planted here in great numbers, border the wide village streets; the houses are spacious, neat, in good repair; no filth, no disorder, no decay—at the same time, no beggars, no poor, no rags; every where plenty, regularity, activity.

All this makes a most agreeable impression, especially on coming from Italy—the land of dirt, beggary, and every kind of disorder. The people here prate less than the Italians, but then they are more industrious; and as for courage, I would engage, with one company of borderers, to drive a thousand of those Roman or Neapolitan volunteers, who made

believe that they would eat us up, hide, hair, and all, to the world's end.

Upon the whole, I have taken such a liking to the country and way of living here on the frontiers, that I have a great mind, when the war is over, if I am living, to get myself exchanged from my hussar regiment into a Slavonian frontier regiment.

What has particularly pleased me on the frontiers, is the peculiar custom of family habitations. There is something quite patriarchal in it. To every house on the frontier is attached a sufficient extent of land, which belongs in common to the whole family, but cannot be sold by it. In general, the eldest of the family, mostly a border soldier, whose term of service has expired, and who still belongs only to the reserve, is elected by the others to be house-father, and his wife is the house-mother. These are then invested with the superintendence over the whole family, which consists of children, grandchildren, sons-in-law, of all degrees of relationship, to the number frequently of sixty or eighty individuals in a single house.

All take their part in agricultural labour, as well as in their meals, and also in any surplus-money. The latter is divided by the house-father, who settles all petty disputes, and when his influence is insufficient, applies to the captain of the company. Every house must furnish the company to whose district it belongs with a certain number of soldiers, in proportion to its adult male inhabitants. The unmarried, and indeed all up to the age of thirty-five, belong in general to the field-battalions, and the others to the reserve.

In time of peace, the field-battalions are assembled for a week only in spring, in companies, and for a not much longer time in autumn, in regiments, or even larger divisions, for the purpose of exercising; and, further, only four days in each of the winter months are destined for manœuvring in detail. It is only on these occasions that the soldier wears his complete uniform, which he keeps at home: at other times he goes in the ordinary dress of the country, and receives pay only for the period that he is called out, or on guard-duty.

The frontier soldier is supplied by the government with shoes, accoutrements, arms, and ammunition; the other parts of his uniform he must procure himself. With the exception of extraordinary cases, the soldier in the field-battalions must go upon guard-duty the whole of every fourth, or even third week. At his departure, the family to which he belongs supplies him with provisions, which he cooks himself at his post. He takes with him, to the frontier, musket, sword, cartouch-box, and cloak; for the rest, he wears the ordinary dress of the country—the staff-guard, which is in complete uniform, alone excepted.

The guard-posts consist, in the dry, mountainous part of the frontier, in Transylvania, and again, from the Unna to the Bocca di Cattaro, of huts sunk in the ground. Each of these huts, which are at so short a distance apart, that the posts can see one another, contains six or eight men. At certain distances, there are larger posts of twelve or fourteen men, with a corporal, and at a still greater distance the officers' posts, from which the main patroles set out. At every officer's

post is set up a signal pole, with a pitched barrel, which is fired, in case of emergency, to alarm the district upon any serious incursion of the Bosnians.

In the marshes of the Danube, the Saave, and the Unna, the guard-posts are raised upon poles, and communicate with each other by means of causeways, or plank bridges. A wooden gallery runs round these guard-houses, and there the men on duty walk to and fro. This whole line of posts along the Turkish frontier has the two-fold object of preventing, by means of a strict cordon, the introduction of the plague, and of forming a defence against the predatory incursions of Bosnian hordes of banditti. There are generally about 8,000 men upon guard on the frontier line.

LETTER III.

Agram, the capital of Croatia, and residence of the Ban; preparations there for the campaign in Hungary — The Writer appointed to command the advanced guard of Jellachich's army—Nature and vicissitudes of that duty—The Magyar Population almost exclusively confined to the great plains, and the Slavonian race to the mountains of Hungary —Military character of the Magyars—Composition of the Insurgent force—Unexpected meeting—Mansion of Count St—— —Cavalry Action with the Pesth National Guard —Bivouac scenes.

I was at Agram, the capital of Croatia, for several weeks, on military business. There I again completed my equipment, which had suffered lamentably on the retreat from Milan and in Peschiera.

Agram is a considerable and a lively town, and pleased me much. In the upper town, which is enclosed with walls, like a fortress, is situated, in an open place, the palace of the Ban of Croatia, a handsome and extensive building. Just at that time, great military

bustle prevailed in the city. The preparations against Hungary were prosecuting with the utmost zeal. I had enough to do, to collect remounts, to clothe recruits, and give them instructions in riding, and to travel about the country in quest of suitable horses. We were in great want of cavalry; for the greatest part of the hussar regiments lying in Southern Hungary had ranged itself under Kossuth's banners. Many of the officers, however, and all the men who were not of Magyar but of Slavonian descent, had come over to us, and we were enabled to form some squadrons of efficient light cavalry. In Hungary itself we had reason to expect reinforcement: Hardeg's cuirassiers, and Kress's Italian regiment of light horse, which lay not far from the Croatian frontier, were already preparing to join us, and so was a great part of an hussar regiment in which very many Slavonians were serving.

As I am perfect master of the Hungarian language, I received directions to form the advanced guard, with a flying corps of eighty excellent horse, among which were thirty-five

mounted Seressans, and to flank about at discretion. To me this was most agreeable; for, though my commission was a dangerous and extremely arduous one, on the other hand, such an independent, romantic life, had the greatest charm.

Often have we fared extremely well, revelling like princes, surrounded by abundance of every kind, dwelling in splendid mansions, quaffing generous Tokay; then, again, for weeks together without house or harbour; scarcely finding a few heads of maize for our horses; the *tschuttora* (large wooden bottle) filled with half-putrid marsh water, instead of wine or *sklikowitz.* Frequently, too, were we hunted on all sides, like wild beasts, by Kossuth's partisan corps, and often escaped from them only as by a miracle.

On one occasion, we were not a moment out of the saddle for full thirty-six hours; and during that whole time our horses had not a handful of fodder, scarcely a drink of water; and I had become so stiff, that I could hardly walk or stand; and when, after a few hours' rest, we were obliged to start again,

for the first time in my life, I mounted a horse most reluctantly. When we could not save ourselves in any other way, we fell back upon the main army of the Ban, and remained with it for a few days; but no sooner was there an opening than we were off again.

Our principal object was to ascertain the disposition of the country; to reconnoitre the position of the enemy's corps; to seize convoys of money and emissaries of Kossuth's; and to give such divisions of the imperial troops as were in Hungary, and wished to join the army of the Ban, directions where to find it. We were often a hundred miles distant from the main army; then again only twenty or twenty-five, and even no more than five or ten.

I had thus abundant opportunity to make myself acquainted with the western and southern counties of Hungary. It is precisely in these that the Magyar population predominates, and that comparatively few Slavonians are met with; whereas, in the north-eastern part of the country, and especially in the Carpathians, the Slavonians far outnumber the Magyars, as is also the case in the west, on

the Styrian frontier. Upon the whole, it may be adopted as a general axiom that the great plains of the kingdom are predominantly occupied by Magyars, the mountain districts by Slavonians.

The Magyars, a nation of horsemen, sought out for themselves, in preference, the extensive open plains, where they could freely scamper about with their horses, to their hearts' content. Hence it is that, in the vast plain, stretching from Pesth southward, between the Danube, and extending in some parts to the length of two hundred miles, and to the breadth of from fifty to seventy, the Magyar race has kept itself most unmixed. This, however, applies solely to the real peasantry: the gentry, wholly of Magyar descent, dwell in all parts of the country as masters; but the villages where every peasant, even though possessing but a ruinous cottage, is a gentleman, are to be found only in the purely Magyar districts.

The principal supports of the Hungarian insurrection are the numberless, mostly needy, Magyar gentry, who live scattered over the

whole country. These people, who may be computed at twenty thousand, and who formerly procured a subsistence as petty proprietors, as *jurats*, or as officers in the Hungarian regiments, are full of inordinate national pride, ever disposed to warlike operations and adventures, and have, most of them, but little to lose. At the same time, they are capital horsemen and good soldiers, who rush boldly into battle; but perseverance is not their forte. Herein is shown the still Oriental blood of the Hungarian: fiercely and daringly as he assaults, so easily is he dispirited; to protracted enterprises, which require patience and perseverance, he is no friend; and in this respect he is far surpassed by the Slavonians.

Very few of the families of the great magnates of the country take part in the present insurrection; on the contrary, they are mostly on the side of the imperial house; while most of the officials, gamekeepers, &c., on their large domains, had gone over to the insurgents.

Instigated and partly forced by these persons, about thirty thousand peasants, young

and old, from the Magyar districts, have joined Kossuth's banners, and ten or twelve thousand of them at home form a sort of *landsturm*. Among the former are many horse-herds, cow-herds, and shepherds, who are known as the most daring fellows in Hungary. In addition to these, all the prisons and houses of correction have been emptied, in order to strengthen the insurrectionary army. Out of those herdsmen has been formed an excellent light cavalry; the Hungarians being, in general, the best horsemen in the world.

Besides these new levies, about ten thousand regular imperial troops are associated with the insurgents; and this is more to be lamented than all the rest put together. These consist chiefly of Magyars, who were serving in the Hungarian infantry, and in still greater number in the hussar regiments. Many of these people were given to understand, at first, that Jellachich meant to depose the Palatine Stephen; but many of them have been incited to rebellion by national pride. Many Hungarian regiments are completely broken up; the Slavonians who were with them have joined us,

and the Magyars are with Kossuth. For the rest, many officers and soldiers are there also by compulsion, and avail themselves of every opportunity to come to us. We have already received several hundred officers and soldiers in this manner.

The national guard of the towns, with the exception of that of Pesth, is not worth much, and fights in general against the grain. Upon the whole, the Hungarian army of insurrection may be computed at sixty to seventy thousand good, safe troops; and twenty to thirty thousand combatants, on whom less dependence is to be placed. The Hungarian regiments serving in Italy under Radetzky have universally continued faithful, and the utmost reliance can be placed on them.

The different sentiments prevailing in the country were best to be learned from our reception in the villages. In the places where dwell many Slowacks, Raizes, and Serbes, we were received with acclamations, cherished in every possible way, supplied with provisions and wine in abundance—nay, many young fellows followed us voluntarily, and enrolled

themselves in the army of the Ban for this campaign.

In the wholly Magyar villages, and at the residence of the inferior gentry, we were received unkindly, and were not supplied with any thing but reluctantly, or even by compulsion. The peasants collected wherever they could; and we were obliged to be vigilantly on our guard, lest we should be surprised. More than once we have had to sustain fights with such peasants, in which we lost men. Not far from Szabad-Szallas, we were engaged for a whole day with a band of three or four hundred men, headed by a man who had formerly been a county-hussar, when we had four men killed and nine wounded. On this occasion, the *port-epée* of my sword was shot away. In the end, we were victorious, and dispersed the rebels.

We had once been riding about all day, not far from Topolga; and when it grew dark, the gipsy who served us for a guide lost the way, so that we proceeded pretty much at random.

At length—it might be about ten o'clock—I was about to order my men to bivouac;

when four Seressans, who had gone on before us as a scout-patrole, brought word that there was a large mansion on the right of us, and not far from it a village. I then ordered ten Seressans and hussars to dismount, to steal as near as they could to the mansion, to learn if there were any partisan corps round about, and, if possible, to bring back a prisoner.

It was not long before they brought back a peasant-girl, caught probably on her way to her sweetheart, and who was frightened to death, when, instead of being clasped by her lover, she found herself in the arms of a Red-mantle. I cheered the trembling and weeping damsel, and asked her whether there were soldiers or armed peasants in the mansion or in the village. She assured me, with many solemn protestations, that the last had departed eight days ago; on which, still with an advanced and flank patrole, I rode on towards the mansion, and, conducted by the girl, who now chatted unreservedly, entered the spacious courtyard.

At the tramp of horses, and the clank of swords, the porch-door opened, and an old

man, a kind of steward, followed by servants with great lanterns, came towards us, asking who we were, and what was our errand. I replied, that I was an officer of the Emperor and King, belonging to the army of the Ban; and requested, in the first place, to be conducted to the master of the mansion. The man obeyed, though with some reluctance, and led me into a spacious hall, which, by the dim light of a lamp, appeared to be a sort of ancestral hall. Large pictures were hung upon the walls, and between them swords, muskets, old armour, and arms of all kinds.

Here the castellan bade me wait while he went to announce me; and I availed myself of this moment to take off my cloak, to set my hair to rights a little, to fasten my dolman close about me, to tie my sash properly; in short, to make myself as smart as I could. The old man presently came back, conducted me along a corridor, and then opened the folding-doors of an apartment, whence issued the brilliant light of tapers.

Somewhat dazzled, I entered the apartment, which was most elegantly fitted up, where a

tall, handsome lady received me with a polite but proud obeisance. I was just going to introduce myself, and to apologize for my unbidden visit, when she extended her hand to me with the loud exclamation of joy, "Ah, Baron W——!"

I now recognised her. It was the Countess St——, the Milan beauty, the wife of my old comrade, St——, who once saved my life in Bologna, and who, after his marriage with the fair Marchesa B——, had obtained leave to resign, and retired to his lordship in Hungary; and I now found myself, without having suspected it, in his mansion.

Being called by his wife, he made his appearance immediately, and cordial was our embrace. He was still, as he ever had been, Magyar with body and soul; and told me frankly that he should long since have gone to Kossuth, had he not been restrained by the odious idea of being obliged to fight against his former comrades; but he assured me that he should yet do so.

I advised that we should not talk of political matters, but rather think of old times;

and his wife approved the suggestion. By and by came his sister, the young Countess Helene, the most beautiful Hungarian female I had ever seen; and that is saying a great deal.

St—— gave me his word of honour that we were perfectly safe from any surprise by the enemy, and my men were abundantly supplied with wine and meat; and, while they made themselves comfortable outside, I found myself in Paradise, between two beautiful and amiable females, opposite to a friend whom I had not seen for a long time, and before a glass of exquisite Tokay. All weariness vanished; and we joked and laughed half the night, forgetting the war, and Kossuth, and national hatred.

Two days I rested in St——'s mansion, as a little respite was highly desirable for both men and horses. The eyes of the Countess Helene began to be dangerous for me; but upon earth the soldier has no abiding quarters. On the third morning, with a tear in my eye, I pressed St—— to my breast, kissed the cheek of his wife and his sister; the latter

plucked a rose-bud for me as a keepsake, my trumpeter sounded to horse, and away we dashed.

A few days afterwards, we had, about a thousand strong, not far from the *pusta* Montony, a smart cavalry action, with a numerous corps of Hungarian insurgents. It was fine when, as we rushed over the green heath at one another, the trumpets flourished, the swords clashed. Unluckily, almost all the former hussars were opposed to us; and this cut me to the heart. Those fine Hungarian hussar regiments—where are they now? Will the old bond ever knit us together again? I cannot bear to think about it.

To my great joy, the lot did not fall to me to be obliged to fight with men who had been hussars; it was the Pesth national guard with which we were engaged; and to those gentlemen, admirably as they manage their beautiful horses, we have given a sound drubbing. I have myself cut down two or three of them from their horses, and come off with a quite insignificant graze on the arm.

Here it was, too, that the young Seressan

female whom I have told you of already made prize of her gray steed. Her brother, when he saw the enemy's horseman making up to the girl, who dashed on daringly in the first ranks, would have hastened to her assistance; but she called to him, laughing, "*Je jedan brate: ne boisse!*" ('Tis only one, brother; never fear!) and she was victorious, too. Though we at first had greatly the advantage of the insurgents, we were at last obliged to retreat slowly, as they received reinforcements of infantry; but they did not venture to pursue us.

Our bivouacs were often extraordinary, on the wide plains, under the tent of heaven. At nightfall we halted; patroles were sent out in all directions; and, when these reported that all was safe, the necessary advanced posts, which were relieved every three hours, were placed. The greatest bustle now commenced, in order to provide against the wants of the night. The horses were watered — for we always chose our lodging for the night in the vicinity of a rivulet or of a well, such as the herdsmen dig for their cattle; then saddles

and bridles of half the horses were taken off, and the nose-bags with maize fastened to their heads.

The hussars and Seressans who were not engaged in this business went in quest of materials for the great fire, and these it was often difficult to collect. Others unpacked the provisions, meat, wine, maize-flour, brought in the great covered waggon, drawn by six Hungarian horses, which served us for an itinerant magazine, store-room for equipments, field-smithy, and hospital.

You see, none of us could claim any great space for baggage. The fire soon blazed up, and our cooks fell to work to prepare the favourite *gulyas-hus* of the Hungarians, which was highly relished by them, after the exertions of the march. It is really an excellent dish, consisting of beef cut into small cubical pieces, onions, cumin, and *paprika*, (red Spanish pepper) an indispensable ingredient in every dish in this country. If we had been lucky enough to get wine, the *tschuttora* passed briskly round among the men; otherwise *sklikowitz*, and frequently water, sup-

plied its place. I, as officer and commander, had a plate and a cup to myself, but ate and drank whatever the soldiers had, and fared extremely well. Upon the whole, I had every reason to be perfectly satisfied with my men: they were courageous, persevering, and obedient.

After supper, they mended saddles, bridles, clothes; looked to the shoes of the horses; or, seated round the watch-fire, sang, frequently for hours together, their melancholy national songs, in not disagreeable chorus. I then stretched myself upon a horse-cloth, wrapped myself in my cloak, leant my head upon my saddle, and watched the smoke of my cigar curling about before me, till silence gradually stole over the busy scene, and sleep strengthened us all for the exertions of the coming day.

Often have I lain for hours awake, absorbed in reverie; above me, the vast, dark firmament, with its innumerable twinkling stars; around me, the immense plain, whence, in the distance, was heard at times the call of our advanced posts and patroles; near me, the

high-blazing fire, about which lay the sleeping forms of the Seressans and hussars, in their red and white cloaks; not far off, their horses fastened with the snaffle, some lying down, some with bowed heads, resting as they stood; some neighing and pawing the ground. If the march had not been too fatiguing, or if we had had a day of repose, two or three hussars would play upon the Jew's harp, while others sang; and the rest danced their pretty national dances, at the same time clanking their broad spurs, and clashing their swords together, so as to resound far over the heath.

In this manner we scampered about many a day in Hungary, always on horseback, always pursued by near or distant foes, often involved in fights, losing many a brave fellow and good comrade by mortal wounds, but in high spirits, and full of confidence in the Ban.

The latter had concentrated his whole army near Raab: and the intention was to give battle in the next days to Kossuth, a prospect which rejoiced us all; when, in the evening of the 9th of October, an officer, who had ridden day and night, brought us intelligence of the

insurrection at Vienna, and of the atrocious murder of Latour.

The trumpets instantly gave the signal for breaking up. We marched away in the dark; halted as little as possible; and, in the evening of the 10th of October, we, who were the foremost of the advanced troops, descried at a great distance the tower of St. Stephen's.

Another time about the camp before Vienna, the assault of the city, and my abode in the hospital — three things which I shall never forget while I live.

LETTER IV.

March to Vienna—Sentiments of the Peasantry in Lower Austria—Diversity of feelings awakened by the sight of the Capital—Encampment at Mödling—Visit to Count Auersperg's camp—Efforts of the Insurgents to seduce the Soldiers—Visits of Vienna citizens and coxcombs to Jellachich's Army—External appearance of the Writer and his men—Unskilful Defence of Vienna by the Insurgents—Singular interview with an Insurgent leader—Aspect of the Imperial camp—Bohemian cuirassiers; Nassau infantry; the Kress regiment of chevaux-legers; artillery; Border soldiers, cadets, &c.—Storming of the city—Dexterity displayed in the attack by the Border soldiers—Conduct of the Insurgents—The capitulation violated by them—Action with the Hungarians near Schwechat—Description of a Scene in that action.

It was beginning to get dusk, when, on the 10th of October, we first came in sight of the tower of St. Stephen's at a great distance. We had ridden hard the preceding night and the whole day, and had rested but for a few moments. Our horses, covered all over with mud and foam, were still more weary than

their riders; when we made a first halt near Schwechat, and kindled our bivouac fire, in order to pass the night there. We belonged to the foremost advanced troops: the Ban, with the main body of the army, was yet several leagues behind; and, as we were totally ignorant of the disposition of the country-people, great caution was necessary. But nothing stirred or moved, and there was not the slightest indication of a rising of the peasantry, of which we had been apprehensive.

On the very first day, we could plainly perceive that the country-people in Lower Austria, so far from having any thing whatever to do with the Vienna insurrection, had rather conceived an animosity against its authors and partisans. In the villages they received us every where with some shyness, it is true, on account of the uncivilized appearance of my Seressans; but, as for resistance or hostility, no such thing was ever thought of. "What is it to us? We cannot sell any thing now, and that is all we care about." Such were the expressions used by all the peasants with whom I spoke; nay, frequently

they broke out into invectives against the students of Vienna, and the other fellows, as they called them, who had caused all the gentlefolks to leave the city, so that they could not find so profitable a sale as formerly for their corn, fruit, and vegetables.

I felt, nevertheless, very uncomfortable, when I first saw Vienna again under such circumstances. How many happy hours had I passed there! and what joyous recollections attached me to that city! When I had last left Vienna, four years ago, a cheerful company of jovial friends and lovely women accompanied me to the *Spinnerin am Kreuz*, (Spinner at the Cross) the well-known point where you overlook the whole imperial city; and now I was leading with hostile intent my Croatian horse against it. In spite of bodily fatigue, I sat musing for several hours in the dark night, by the blazing watch-fire, before sleep visited me.

My Seressans and hussars participated not in my feelings; on the contrary, they were unusually merry, and sang their popular songs with greater glee than ever. Of the splen-

dours of Vienna they had heard often enough in their lives: the fame of the brilliant capital of the Empire, as the seat of all earthly grandeur and pleasure, penetrates into the furthest corners of the extensive monarchy. All the border-officers, who had once dwelt as cadets in Vienna, had, from sorrowful recollection, related in the solitary frontier guard-houses much concerning the pleasures which they had there enjoyed. The Croatian carriers—whose huge waggons, drawn by from twelve to sixteen small, meagre, shaggy horses, are so frequently seen in Vienna—had given at home many alluring descriptions of the glories of the place; and so my men were filled with joy at the idea that they should themselves learn to know something of these wonders.

It was curious enough that they could not be made to comprehend that the Emperor was not at Vienna: in their minds, Vienna and the person of the Emperor are conceptions so intimately connected, that they could not separate them; and, notwithstanding the pains I took to explain to them why the Emperor

was now in a different place, they still shook their heads incredulously. They were also of opinion that the tower of St. Stephen's, which rises to such a height into the air, and commands so vast a prospect, must be the palace of the Emperor, and that he lives at the top of it.

In Vienna itself they seemed to be already made aware of our coming, either by telescopes or by scouts. In the very first night, I saw, as I conceived, various signals given by lights and coloured lanterns on St. Stephen's. A patrole, which I sent out in the night, with a guide acquainted with localities, beyond the Neugebäu, to the moor of Simmering, brought word that no attack need be apprehended; but that on the Max line itself, great noise and excitement must prevail, as they heard loud singing and shouting proceeding from that quarter.

Next morning, when more troops of the Ban's kept arriving, I moved more to the left, and we pitched our camp near Mödling. Partly in order to visit some former acquaintance, partly on professional duty, I rode

over soon afterwards to the troops of Count Auersperg, which had been in Vienna itself, and were now encamped not far from the Belvedere. What I there heard filled my heart with indignation, and I now fought with real passion against this insurrection.

During the whole summer the soldiers and officers had been treated with every species of insult and indignity, because they were not to be seduced by Kossuth's gold to violate their oath of fidelity. The Aula, and the savage scum of the suburbs, upon which the former supports itself, had vented upon the soldiers every sort of contumely that could be devised. Our contest in Italy, where we upheld the honour of Austria against foreign conquerors, had been ridiculed, disgraceful defeat publicly invoked for our arms, victory and triumph for Charles Albert. And then the 6th of October!

All this and still more was related to me by comrades in the Auersperg corps. The men of the Ruthenian regiment Duke of Nassau, which had sustained the greatest loss on the 6th in Vienna, were in particular so

exasperated that they would joyfully have stormed at any hour.

Just while I was there, two members of the Academic Legion, who had stolen into the camp in disguise, to persuade the soldiers to desert, were made prisoners. It was with difficulty that a strong guard could protect them from the fury of the men. A council of war soon decided their fate—that always allotted in war to the discovered spy—death.

Their plan, however, was utterly hopeless. Some bad subjects indeed deserted now and then from the Auersperg camp; on the other hand, grenadiers of the battalion, which had in part gone over to the people on the 6th, were continually coming in, penitent and imploring pardon. They related that they had been made drunk; that much money had been given to them, and they had been promised such great things that at last they knew not what they were, or what they ought to do. And subsequently at the storming of the barricades of the Jägerzeil, they expunged the stain of the 6th of October; and the captain, who should have conducted himself more ener-

getically when Latour was murdered, found on the same occasion that death which he sought, and thus wiped off the blot upon his military honour.

On the first day after our arrival, and still more frequently afterwards, we received numerous visits from inhabitants of Vienna, who had fled from the city and other places round about, still further off. There was no end to their complaints and wailings about the insurrection. Their lamentations and bursts of anger were often highly comic.

To these Philistines and Money-bags it was the greatest of hardships, that they were obliged to forego their domestic conveniences, their seat at the theatre, their visits to the coffee-house; and yet their want of firmness, their cowardice, were the principal causes of all the mischief. Had the numerous burgher guard possessed courage at first, and displayed energy, the Aula and the rabble of the suburbs would never have got the better of them; and the storm, which began to burst over Vienna on the 6th of October, might have been prevented. Indeed, had not the honour of Austria been

at stake, these street-loungers might for me have regained their comforts as they could.

Now that we were there and going into fire for them, they had wonders to tell about the heroic deeds which they had already performed, or meant to perform. One of those drawing-room heroes, an *élégant*, such as every great city produces in abundance, in yellow gloves, and with the *lorgnette* at his eye, strutted about among us, and enlarged upon the feats of courage and loyalty which he purposed to achieve for the Emperor; but one day I very soon silenced him.

I took the old, greasy, fur cap of a Seressan's, which happened to be lying there, and clapped it upon his befrizzed head, saying, "That fits admirably. If you want to fight against the insurgents, you can enter at once among my Red-mantles; there is a vacancy at this moment;" and, while I was thus speaking, a comrade threw an old red cloak over his shoulders. He stood quite confounded, and knew not what to say; while my men greeted their new companion with roars of laughter.

The handsome Croatian and Slavonian women who were with the borderers attracted the particular notice of these Vienna coxcombs, who considered them as piquant beauties. But they met with any thing but a favourable reception from them. Those bold, fiery maidens have a very different taste from that of the ladies of Vienna. My handsome Seressan damsel, whom I mentioned in my last letter, gave one of these puppies, who had probably made rather too close approaches to her, such a *watsche*, as the people of Vienna call it, that he came to me rubbing his tingling cheek, and complained of the girl. I laughed heartily at him, but offered him my horse and my sword, if he was disposed to fight his antagonist, and in that way to obtain satisfaction; but he manifested no inclination to do so, saying that would be beneath him.

Our exterior seemed not particularly pleasing to these visitors; and in the radical papers of Vienna we were even described as a band of ragged vagabonds. In truth, we did look rather savage and grotesque; and a

parade would not have exhibited any very splendid sight.

As the greater part of the frontier battalions from Croatia and Slavonia were in Italy, our uniforms, at our departure, were sadly defective, and many had left in their *bundas*, [sheep-skin cloak] *gatjes*, and hoods. The long, arduous march through Hungary, and the incessant bivouacking, had completely spoiled the men's clothes, and most of the officers themselves were the very reverse of elegant. My *tschismen* [hussar-boots] were so badly mended, the braiding on pelisse and dolman turned so pale, the white cloak so gray, that I should indeed have cut a very wretched figure at a ball. We took advantage, however, of the first days of rest we had before Vienna, to patch, and mend, and darn, as well and as much as we could. This rest was very beneficial to our horses, which were at last too hard worked: they soon recovered themselves; and the men suffered no want of meat or wine.

It was evident in the very first days that the defence of the city was badly conducted. The many petty sallies beyond the lines, espe-

cially out of the Maxer, against our advanced posts, were manifestly undertaken without any plan. A great quantity of powder was thus most needlessly expended. Single patroles were frequently fired at with cannon, and at such a distance and so unskilfully, that it was an amusement for our soldiers to provoke such a fire at themselves. Once or twice, indeed, a few of our men were shot; and some Croatians, who had incautiously ventured too far, were taken prisoners; while we, on our part, took a great many. Deserters, especially from the soldiers who had remained behind in Vienna, and likewise from the burgher guard, came over in great number.

If the insurrection was expected to hold out any prospect of success, it must have been conducted in a totally different manner. Immediately after the 6th of October, an attack from the city should have been made with twenty-five or thirty thousand men—and so many combatants might easily have been collected—on the far less numerous Auersperg troops. Then the Hungarians, who, twenty-eight thousand strong, were posted near Raab, should have

appeared about the 12th or 15th of October before Vienna, which they might well have done, had there been any zeal and unity among them. Had an additional body of peasants from the neighbouring mountains and from Styria come forward, our situation would have become very dangerous, and we should have been placed between two enemies.

Nothing of the kind was done. In spite of all the signals from the tower of St. Stephen's, the Hungarians came not till it was much too late; of an insurrection of peasantry, not a trace was to be discovered; and the people of Vienna, instead of attempting a sally on a large scale, were content to offer only petty annoyances, to defame us in their newspapers, and thus to exasperate still more the animosity of the soldiers.

Windischgrätz, on the other hand, gained sufficient time to collect his army from Bohemia and Moravia, and to join us with forty thousand fresh troops. We could have taken the city earlier, and our soldiers had a strong desire to do so; but it was thought better to spare unnecessary bloodshed on both sides, as

much as possible, and therefore to wait the arrival of all reinforcements, that the contest might then be speedily terminated. Every day my soldiers asked me, "Gospodine, shan't we soon go into the city?—shan't we put the Aula to death?"

It was soon clear to us that the succour of the Hungarians was not to be depended upon. In the days between the 18th and 22nd of October, I went, with a strong reconnoitring patrole of fifty hussars, towards Bruck on the Leitha, and along the Hungarian frontier. Not far from Bruck, I saw, at a considerable distance, and on the Hungarian territory, a troop of about a hundred horse, as it seemed to me, armed *tschikos*, (horse-herds) halting.

An elderly man, in the home-dress of a magnate, on a noble horse, and with a long pipe in his mouth, appeared to be their leader. When he perceived me, he came galloping towards us till within thirty or forty paces, and then made a signal to me with his handkerchief to come to him. He told me that he had formerly been captain of cavalry, but that he had now joined the Hungarian insur-

rection, as the lordship upon which he resided wished it. Though we were now in reality opposed to each other as enemies, he behaved in a most friendly manner; treated me to exquisite Tokay; gave me fine Hungarian tobacco; and sent my men meat and wine in abundance.

I asked him jokingly, why he did not march to the assistance of the people of Vienna, and put himself there under the command of a student, or a tailor, or a shoemaker. Stroking his long moustache, he muttered one *teremtete* after another, and said: "I am a nobleman; I shall not put myself under shoemaker or tailor; I will have nothing to do with Vienna. If you are in Hungary, you and Jellachich are my enemies; otherwise, you are my comrade. Have not I too worn the King's coat? Out of Hungary, I will not fight against his hussars." With that he shook me cordially by the hand, and we parted as the best friends.

With the daily arrival of troops coming in larger or smaller divisions, the military bustle in our bivouacs increased. It was a real Wal-

lenstein's camp. One martial spectacle followed close upon another. Here, Bohemian cuirassiers of the regiments of Auersperg and Wallmoden; tall fellows with not very handsome broad-boned faces; the glistening helmet on the head; over the white collar, the heavy black breast-armour; the large straight *pallasch* dangling from a broad belt round the waist. The horses are just as hardy and spirited as their riders — of the Bohemian breed, not light, not elegant, but sure and admirably suited to the purpose. Of all arms, these cuirassiers remind one most strongly of the middle ages, of which they are the last vestige.

There, are men of the Nassau infantry; slender, nimble Ruthenians; and sons of the northern Carpathians; soldiers with nervous, elastic frames, who must be numbered among the best infantry of the Austrian army, when their old nature has been somewhat polished, which is no easy task for the poor officers and subalterns — yonder horse, of the Kress regiment of chevaux-legers, slim sons of Italy, even of Venice; handsome, well-shaped figures, with

animated, expressive countenances, rapid in motions as in words. Their fathers and brothers are fighting in Italy against Austria; and here they are fighting faithful to their oath on entering the service for the honour of Austria.

Further on we see bright cannon drawn up, their dark mouths pointed towards Vienna; the artillerymen, in their simple dark uniform, are busily engaged in arranging the ammunition, and in packing the projectiles, as though they were innocent balls to play with, in regular rows in the chest attached to each. Whistling merrily, the soldiers of the train are cleaning the hard-worked horses that draw the guns, or mending the gear which has suffered much during the hasty march from Bohemia.

Not far from the artillery, lie borderers of the Ottochan regiment, mingled with individual Seressans, around a great watch-fire —tall, gaunt figures, with grave, furrowed faces, dark flashing eyes, dark moustaches over a finely-cut mouth, with white teeth. The clothing very motley: the hasty departure would not admit of a regular equipment.

Among the border-soldiers, arms and *tschakos* only are uniform; and, among the Seressans, the long, brown, and red-hooded cloaks.

We are frequently met by tall, elegantly-shaped females, with faces full of expression; their long raven-black hair braided in two tresses hanging down below the hips. Many wives and daughters have followed the borderers; and their motley appearance is a peculiar trait in this camp-scene.

Blithe words, hearty laughter—such as is given to youth alone—resound from a long table, around which are closely-crowded cadets of every different regiment. All arms are here united: the hussar is seated by the artilleryman, the jäger by the cuirassier. Almost all juvenile faces, many hardly more than boys, the down scarcely covers the places where the manly beard is impatiently awaited; and yet many have already fought gallantly, and even earned honourable wounds. Diverse as their uniforms are their countries and their languages; and many of them understand and speak German but very imperfectly. Beside the Englishman we here see the Serbe, the

Italian by the Dane, the Hanoverian by the Tyrolese, the Bohemian by the Walloon. The officers' corps of Austria has ever been accustomed to see in its ranks sons of almost all the nations of Europe: they all forget their native country, and find under the banner of the double eagle a new one, for which they cheerfully spill their blood.

Peasants bringing provisions; long trains of carts laden with corn, hay, or straw; herds of bellowing cattle, intermingled with elegant ladies and gentlemen who have fled from Vienna, and are curious to see something of life in camp; patroles of hussars, returning from long excursions on wearied horses—such are the diversified scenes which furnish matter for all sorts of reflections, and which have often amused me for hours.

Of the actions, all in the last days of October, I can give no account; I saw only what was passing around myself: the inferior officer naturally has no opportunity for a general survey of the whole. In the fight in the city itself we hussars were not employed; but yet I was, in reality, as an idle spectator,

for several hours in the Jägerzeil, when a barricade there was taken by our troops. It was a savage conflict, carried on upon both sides with great animosity. The insurgents there had the great advantage that they could stand covered behind the barricade, or fire deliberately from the windows, without exposing themselves; while the soldiers, unsheltered from the enemy's balls, were obliged to storm; but never did they hesitate for a moment to advance. "*Terrai, terrai, stravo, Gospodine!*" (Forward, forward, forward, in the name of God, sir!) cried a company of borderers to their captain, when ordered to wait awhile before they attacked a barricade, till it could be attacked also from the corner houses which troops were on the point of occupying; and so to it they fell at once without delay.

The soldiers of the Nassau regiment, who were still extremely exasperated on account of the 6th of October, particularly distinguished themselves; likewise the Bohemian jägers and the grenadiers, who had partly joined the insurgents on that day. These corps sustained also the greatest loss. It was

astonishing to see the dexterity displayed by many a Croatian in this street-fight. Lying flat upon the belly, with the knapsack placed before them for a breastwork, they crept like snakes towards the barricade, to get as near as possible, and to do the surer execution when they fired. Every recess of a door, every corner, every lamp-post, was a sort of shelter, to which they sprang and fixed themselves with the agility and celerity of a cat. Hence the borderers lost proportionably the smallest number of men, though they were perhaps the most exposed to the enemy's fire. Their own was so sure, that they brought down many of their foes by their almost unerring balls.

Some portions of the insurgents fought very well, and others particularly ill. Many barricades and positions, which might have been defended for a long time, and from which much mischief might have been done, were hastily abandoned in irregular flight; others, on the contrary, defended almost uselessly, with the courage of despair, to the very last man. Want of superior direction, of due

military organization, and of obedience, was every where observable; otherwise, the city might well have defended itself for some days longer, though its eventual fate could not be doubtful.

The only person in Vienna, who showed military talent and made judicious dispositions, was General Bem, a Pole, who was ultimately invested with the chief command. Upon the whole, the Polish Legion, as it was called, fought with much zeal, and was our most dangerous foe. The Styrian sharpshooters also, and individual divisions of the people of Vienna, displayed—it cannot be denied—great courage.

What most justly incensed the troops, and subsequently occasioned excesses here and there, though the many stories of barbarities and savage acts of pillage are impudent lies, was the infraction of the capitulation by the insurgents. The white flags were every where hoisted; all the conditions of the entry were agreed upon; our soldiers were preparing themselves, with musket on the arm, to march in; when suddenly, and without any previous no-

tice, the firing from the city was renewed, on the mere report that the Hungarian auxiliary army was at last on its route.

The authors of this perfidy have drawn upon themselves a heavy responsibility. Great mischief, which would otherwise have been obviated, has been brought by it on the unfortunate city. And what assistance could the Hungarians then have rendered them? Since the whole corps of Prince Windischgrätz was united with ours, their help could at most but have prolonged the contest for a few hours, and have cost some more victims.

If I had nothing to do with the street-fight, I did take part in the action with the Hungarians near Schwechat. It was a repugnant idea to me to be obliged to draw the sword against many a former comrade, to whom I was attached by the ties of intimate friendship. But the moment the artillery thundered and the trumpets sounded, these fancies were dispelled.

The Hungarians, about twenty-one thousand strong, under the command of General Moga, formerly in the Imperial service, partly re-

gular troops of Magyar regiments, but chiefly *honvöd* battalions and squadrons, fought at first very gallantly. Their position was more favourable than ours; and, if their artillery had been rather better served, they might have inflicted on us considerable loss. They gained also at first some advantages; and our cavalry, especially the Italians of the Kress chevaux-legers, could not make much impression on them. We nevertheless completely routed them; the Auersperg cuirassiers cut into them with irresistible force; and they had to lament the loss of some brave officers. We also made a very successful attack, and many a foe sank under our swords.

A cavalry attack of this kind is a fine thing, and never to be forgotten by those who have borne a part in it. When such a body, in close order, horse to horse, scampers at full gallop over the plain, swords flashing, horses snorting—verily, there is a charm in this kind of combat, such as that of no other arm affords. Individual divisions of the Hungarians defended themselves desperately; and the parties frequently came, especially after-

wards, in the pursuit, to hand to hand fights; but among the enemy there was no direction, no command, no order; and so we had no great difficulty to repulse the whole army of the insurgents, and to make a large booty in cannon, arms, and prisoners.

Among the many incidents of this day, one scene is vividly present to my view. A very young Hungarian lad, evidently belonging to the nobility of the country, was engaged in fight with two cuirassiers. He contrived to turn his superb horse about with such dexterity, that his antagonists, on their heavy beasts, could not get at him; while he had dealt many blows, which, it is true, mostly fell harmless upon the breast-armour and helmet. At last, one of the cuirassiers, waiting for a proper moment, prepared for a thrust with the *pallasch;* and the broad, pointed blade was driven with such force into the breast of the youth, that he sank on the spot lifeless from his horse, without uttering a single sound.

What maternal heart may mourn for him? what bright eye may be filled with tears for

his loss? His horse, with blood-stained saddle, ran snorting away, and could not be caught; his rider we afterwards buried. He had about him nothing but a handsome gold watch, and a ring with hair, which I bought from the cuirassiers for a couple of ducats.

My own lot was more favourable: a gun-shot wound, which I received late in the action, was attended with no danger, though at first painful; and the good nursing that I received from friends soon effected my recovery.

LETTER V.

March from Vienna to Pesth—Presburg and Raab abandoned to the Imperial Army—Devastations and cruelties of the Insurgents—Intense cold and night-march—A battle-scene—Remarkable incident during the pursuit of the enemy—Tragic scene, enacted by the Magyars on New Year's Day, 1849—General character and cruelty of the Honvöd troops—Despotic conduct of Kossuth and his retinue—Character of his officers.

Scarcely was the wound which I received before Vienna so far healed that I could again mount my horse, when we had to leave that capital. I was heartily glad of this; for the abode in that once so cheerful city had become quite disagreeable: one scarcely knew it again.

All our comrades who were to remain there envied us, when we broke up for Hungary, and would cheerfully have changed places with us. And yet it was to be foreseen that a winter campaign in so uncultivated a country

as Hungary would not prove to be a party of pleasure, and that we must prepare ourselves for hardships of every kind. In truth, we have met with them in abundance, and have so often been pinched by cold that our teeth chattered.

Much as I suffered this summer in Italy from the heat, so much have I now to endure in Hungary from the cold; and in this year I have been first thoroughly roasted and then thoroughly cooled again. But during the whole campaign not one of my men has complained or murmured; all were day and night exposed to tempest and snow-storm, ready and willing for any service, how arduous soever, full of resignation to their officers, and full of confidence in victory.

In Hungary we advanced to almost the very same spot which we had left on the 9th of October. We now made a rather better appearance, were more completely equipped; our horses were well fed and in recruited strength: and thus we were quite ready for a winter campaign.

In the very first days after our re-entry,

having been sent forward with a strong reconnoitring patrole, I had to sustain a petty action with a division of mounted *honvöds* (*landsturm*). The result was very trifling: the insurgents soon retired upon a division of infantry, which, when we turned about, sent after us a few balls that did us, however, no harm.

Upon the whole, the army of the insurrection gave us at first not much to do; and we were surprised to find so little resistance as we met with. Presburg was abandoned to us, without any defence whatever; and the great majority of the inhabitants of that city, who had always been averse to the cause of Kossuth, received our troops with loud rejoicing.

The people of the house in which I lived depicted the terrorism which had reigned there, and the brutalities and cruelties perpetrated by the *honvöds*, in the most frightful colours. Some *jurats*, it is true, pulled long faces; and it was plainly to be seen that to them we were unwelcome guests, whom they would much rather have treated to powder and lead than to red Buda [wine.]

A severe conflict we had confidently expected, and that at Raab; but, to our great astonishment, we found ourselves disappointed. The insurgents had there constructed extensive entrenchments, and made such preparations as if they were determined to defend them for weeks with their whole force; and yet they abandoned these works the moment we appeared. Why Kossuth imposed such sacrifices upon the country, why he caused so many fruit-trees to be cut down, so many bridges removed, so many houses burned, if he meant not to make a better defence, is quite incomprehensible.

The country around Raab has suffered frightfully from the insurgents, and will not be able to recover itself for years. Instead of fighting, several *honvöd* divisions had here most cruelly murdered above thirty soldiers of a Croatian frontier regiment who had been taken prisoners, as it was too troublesome to drag them further along with them.

Moor also was soon occupied by our column, which met with no serious resistance. Beyond Moor, not far from the celebrated military

stud of Babolna, the first smart action took place, on the 29th of December, between us and the corps of Perezel. There was a frost that day of 15 or 16 degrees. Ever since four in the afternoon of the preceding day, we had been marching the whole night long, in order to overtake the enemy. This night-march I shall not easily forget: never in my life was I so frozen. The icy north-wind, penetrating to bone and marrow, whistled over the wide plain. It was impossible to continue on horseback on account of the cold; and the animals were so incessantly sliding and near falling upon the slippery ground that the whole of the cavalry dismounted and marched forward on foot, leading the horses by the bridle.

In this manner, we proceeded the whole night along a high, narrow causeway, leading through the half-frozen marshes, in not the most pleasant mood, launching many an execration against the insurgents. Had they known ever so little what was for their advantage, they would have attacked us this night on those causeways.

At length, at ten in the morning, when the

cold had considerably moderated, we fell in, upon a plain, with Perezel's corps, about 19,000 strong, infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Our soldiers, rendered furious by the cold night-march, could scarcely be restrained from the attack till the order for it was issued, and then dashed like mad upon the enemy.

Here the two cuirassier regiments of Wallmoden and Hardeg in particular found work. The earth quaked when these squadrons of heavy cavalry, in close contact, horse to horse, clattered in a sharp trot over the hard-frozen ground to charge the enemy. The cuirasses, the helmets, the long *pallasches* glistened—it was a real battle-scene.

The army of the insurgents fought partially with great resolution: but there was a want of direction, of confidence in the officers. The *honvöd*-battalions soon dispersed, and sought their safety in flight.

A battalion of the late Hungarian regiment, Prince of Prussia—which, with the exception of individual officers and men who continued faithful, was now entirely on the side of the insurgents—fought with the utmost obstinacy.

It was formerly a capital regiment, well-known and highly estimated in the army—now it is gone! The men, mostly Magyars of pure race, defended themselves with desperate resolution, but whole files of them sank under the *pallasches* of the powerful cuirassiers, who made frightful havoc when they had once penetrated into the ranks. To a great distance might be heard the clash of swords against bayonets; at intervals, Magyar curses from the one side, Bohemian from the other, in confused medley; and at times, too, cries of agony from the wounded. It was an awful fight, that cost many a life.

Here, too, we encountered a strong division of the hussar regiment to which I formerly belonged. Fortunately it so happened, that I myself was not brought into collision with them, though my sword found plenty of work that day. It was quite grievous enough for me to see these men, many of whom I had myself trained for soldiers, who had so long been my faithful subordinates, now fighting against their king. Individual hussars, as they galloped past, saluted me with the sword.

In the pursuit of the routed enemy, when the mass was dissolved into separate fights, I witnessed a scene which made a very deep impression upon me. As something about my saddle-girth was broken, I stopped to mend it, and was thus left behind in a small meadow, through which ran a wide ditch, that could not be leaped with a horse, the edge being so slippery with the frost.

All at once, I saw one of the enemy's hussars, closely pursued by two cuirassiers, rush from among the brushwood at a little distance on the other side of the ditch. As this ditch parted me from them, and I had a loaded pistol, I continued to stand quietly by my horse, awaiting the issue of the affair.

When the hussar came nearer, I recognised in him a man who was formerly a subaltern, and had long been in my company. He was a fine, handsome fellow when he enlisted, six years ago, into our regiment, a genuine Cumane from the environs of Debreczin, wild, disposed to all sorts of mad pranks, but brave and trusty in service, at the same time a particularly excellent horseman; not wholly un-

educated, for he was the son of the overseer of an estate—in short, an ideal of the Hungarian hussar. As a subaltern, to which he had been promoted in two years, I had him constantly about me; and, when I was removed from the regiment, I was extremely sorry to part from him. I subsequently learned that, at the time of the insurrection in Gallicia, he had, on several occasions, particularly distinguished himself, and so I hoped to meet with him some day as officer.

Iwanka, on his part, recognised me, and lowered his sword as he galloped past, by way of saluting me. Obstructed by the ditch, he faced about resolutely against his two pursuers. Then ensued a fight than which nothing finer or more picturesque could be exhibited in a Circus by any equestrian company, only that it was bitter earnest, and for life or death.

The hussar, who rode a handsome stallion of the best Hungarian breed—and many of the insurgents were extremely well mounted—managed his swift steed with wonderful dexterity. He turned him so short upon his hind-legs, and dodged so quickly to the right or

left, that for a long time the cuirassiers, on their clumsier horses, could not come at him, though they had dealt many a tremendous blow. The Hungarian, too, had aimed many a one at them, with his glistening blade; but it had always glided with a loud droning sound from the impenetrable breast-armour.

At length the hussar's *tschako* was struck off, and he was covered with blood from a wound on his forehead. "*Nimm pardun!*" (take quarter!) repeatedly cried the cuirassiers in their Bohemian German; but, raising himself upright in the saddle, he replied, "*En Magyar wagyck!*" (I am an Hungarian!) and levelled fresh blows at his antagonists. His very horse seemed to participate in his master's ardour for fighting. His black hide was dotted with white flakes of foam; his red nostrils were widely distended; his long mane flickered wildly in the wind; his large eye seemed to flash.

At last, the affair ended precisely in the same manner as that of the young Hungarian noble, whose fall before Vienna I have related. As the hussar again dashed past, and pre-

pared himself for a desperate blow, one of the cuirassiers, seizing the right moment, thrust the long, pointed, glistening blade of his *pallasch* into the right arm-pit of his antagonist with such force, that it came out on the other side. With a loud exclamation of *Jesus Maria!* the hussar sank from his horse, and was instantly dead. What a pity that he could not die thus for his Emperor! I took care afterwards to have him buried under a tree by our men.

Stuhlweissenburg was also occupied by our troops without any serious action. We now pursued incessantly the fugitive foe, who, after the defeat at Moor, never attempted any serious resistance. The corps of the Ban marched by what is called the *Fleischhackerstrasse* (Butcher Road), because the large droves of cattle from southern Hungary are mostly driven along it to Austria.

As I am tolerably well acquainted with the Hungarian language, it again fell to my lot to form with a detachment of eighty men a reconnoitring patrole, that was to scour the country on all sides — a duty, productive of

honour, it is true, but also of danger and of great hardships. From twelve to sixteen hours a day we were scarcely ever out of the saddle.

New-year's day was one which I shall never forget—so doleful a day was it for me. Let me tell you what befel me on it.

When, in the autumn of last year, we were about to break up from Croatia, and the whole frontier was striving to furnish the Emperor with as many combatants as possible, the pensioned German widow of a captain, whose husband had fallen many years ago in fight with predatory Bosnians, brought her only son, a fresh, lively, stout lad, of scarcely sixteen, who had from childhood been carefully exercised in arms. He was gladly received as a cadet in the hussars, learned the duty in a short time, and behaved on all occasions extremely well.

I began to be very fond of the ingenuous, spirited youth. On the march back through Hungary, before Vienna, and also at Moor, he had fought gallantly, borne all fatigues with the unconcern of youth, and his promotion to officer must soon have followed. He

would perhaps have acquired a brilliant position in the army, for he had all the qualities for it.

On New-year's day, he rode forward on patrole with three hussars, while the rest of us awaited their return by a great watch-fire. They had been so long absent, that I began to be uneasy. At length, one of the hussars came at full speed towards us, bleeding, and with a wild look. While yet in the saddle, he informed me that they had proceeded rather too far, when a band of savage *honvöds* suddenly rushed upon them from all sides, and surrounded them. He himself had succeeded in fighting his way through, but the cadet and the two other hussars were taken prisoners.

Conducted by this hussar, we proceeded with all the speed we could over ground intersected by wood and bushes, in pursuit of the *honvöds*, to take the prisoners from them. On coming to a small clearance, what an appalling spectacle met our view! Stripped stark naked, mangled with innumerable wounds, there lay the bodies of the two hus-

sars; but the cadet, also completely stripped, was bound to a tree, after the monsters had with their hand-bills, which all of them carry, chopped off both his hands at the wrist. In this condition, he was left to bleed to death slowly; but the intense frost had congealed the blood, and he was still alive and perfectly sensible, when we came to him.

It was truly appalling to see the poor boy, who strove with manly fortitude to conquer his pains, and only broke out now and then into a slight moan, which penetrated so much the deeper into our hearts. We cautiously unbound him, and laid him upon a bed formed of our cloaks—this was all that we could do for him at the moment.

With faint voice, frequently interrupted, he related to me that the *honvöds* had first cut down the two hussars, and then required him to give them information concerning our position and force. When he refused to comply, they stripped him to his shirt, they beat him severely with sticks, then chopped off his hands, and tied him to the tree, and at last went off laughing and singing.

It was now heartrending to hear how earnestly he implored me to shoot him, and put an end to his misery. "What should I live for without hands, if it were possible that I could recover?" said he. "Shoot me dead, I beg of you; kill me at once."

Compliance with this request was as unnecessary as it was impossible. Death, the deliverer, was fast approaching. His breath already became weaker, his eyes glazed; it was evident that in a few moments his spirit would be summoned away; when he rallied once more, and asked me, while kneeling beside his bed, in a tolerably loud voice, which could be heard by part of the hussars who stood around, "I am dying like a brave soldier for the Emperor—am I not?"

When with entire conviction I assured him of this, he was evidently rejoiced, and said, "Write to my mother that I have fallen like a brave soldier for the Emperor: this will comfort her in her sorrow; and send her a lock of my hair." Here his voice sunk to a faint whisper, and he was a corpse.

It was long since I had wept; but now,

between grief and rage, my tears flowed profusely: this was also the case with many of the men. As it was now too late for pursuit, and began to be dusk, and we durst not venture too far from the main body, we bivouacked on the spot, after we had sufficiently secured ourselves against a surprise. We thawed the ground under an oak with large fires, so that we could scoop out a grave with our bills, and there laid the three mangled bodies with all the solemnity we could. We waved our swords over the grave, and clashed them together; because, for obvious reasons, we were obliged to forego salutes with our carbines. In the bark of the oak we carved a cross and the initials of the names of the persons here interred, vowing to revenge their death upon the enemy to the utmost of our power.

Of course such scenes, and the horrible cruelties in general practised by a part of the *honvöds* upon all who fell into their hands, did not tend to produce in our men a kindly disposition towards the enemy. The officers had often great difficulty to persuade the sol-

diers that they ought to give quarter to the enemy, and they always rushed into battle with the most terrific fury.

Among these *honvöds*, indeed, there are all sorts of ruffians. Many battalions and squadrons of them are well organized, consist principally of peasants possessing landed property, are commanded by gentlemen, kept in good discipline, and are not guilty of such excesses. Other divisions are composed of the inmates of jails and houses of correction, which Kossuth has entirely emptied.

The numerous robbers that always infested Hungary play a prominent part. By these are perpetrated acts of pillage, and atrocities of the most barbarous kind; and they make little distinction to which party a person belongs, plundering Magyar families as well as others. Though it admits not of a doubt that we shall soon put an end to this insurrection, a long time may elapse before these bands of robbers are exterminated.

The regular troops which are now with Kossuth, and especially their officers, have naturally but little intercourse with these in-

famous allies, and strive to keep them at a distance as much as possible. There are, besides, to be found in the Magyar armies adventurers of all nations, invested with officers' appointments; for, upon the whole, every one willing to bear arms against us was gladly received by Kossuth, even though he came direct from the gallows.

An Hungarian gentleman who was taken prisoner, and made no secret of it how ardently he wished victory to the insurrection, spoke with profound indignation of many of Kossuth's officers, and called them plumply rogues and vagabonds, whose only object was booty, and to be obliged to serve with whom was a severe ordeal for an honourable man. It is comic enough that, in this self-styled army of liberty, the cane rules more arbitrarily than in the Austrian army itself, as we have been repeatedly assured by prisoners. Flogging is practised there with cruel severity.

In the head-quarters of the rebels, things upon the whole are reported to be conducted very despotically; and Kossuth, and still more his wife and their numerous retinue, are

said to make such pretensions as if they belonged to the imperial family itself. An hussar who did not present his sword before the carriage of Madame Kossuth has been for that omission tied up and received his full twenty-five, as he himself told me, and his comrades confirmed what he said. The officers also are reported to behave brutally towards their subordinates: and, upon the whole, dissension and confusion reign in the ranks of the insurgents.

The Magyars will not obey the Polish officers whom Kossuth has engaged; so that he has been obliged to send General Bem, indisputably the ablest leader in the whole insurrectionary army, to the Szeklers in Transylvania. The inordinate pride of birth of the Magyar nobles shows itself in all its presumption; and in the well disciplined divisions of the army, nobles alone are appointed officers. The free corps, it is true, are not so strict; and in the so-called "Tirolese *honvöd* battalion," raised by a man who formerly kept a pothouse, persons who had been equestrian performers, actors, croupiers at gaming-tables,

are appointed as officers. The second commandant of this corps was formerly an officer in the imperial service, who was cashiered for a vulgar theft, and sentenced to ten years' confinement in the house of correction. The internal disunity and dissension must also have been the chief cause that Pesth was abandoned to us without resistance; for the Magyar cannot be denied courage, especially in an impetuous attack in the open field.

LETTER VI.

Capture of a Convoy by the Writer's party—Merry-making in Bivouac—Scene described—Kossuth, after constructing extensive works near Buda, retreats precipitately without resistance — Entry of the Imperial Army into Pesth—Wretched roads in Hungary in Spring.

Two days' march before Pesth, I made a fine prize with my roving corps. We discovered that a *honvöd* division of about a hundred men were escorting a convoy of four waggons. Though I had not more than sixty men with me, I resolved, if possible, to secure those vehicles.

Taking by-ways and riding swiftly, we gained a start, placed ourselves in ambush, and fell with loud shouts upon the startled escort, which had not expected any attack from that quarter. Some of the *honvöds*, indeed, put themselves in a posture of defence; the horse of one of my hussars was shot; two of them received slight wounds; a ball went

through my cloak; but presently the enemy fled, and left us the convoy for our booty.

The waggons contained principally provisions of all sorts, but also a quantity of woollen horse-cloths, which were very acceptable. At last there was discovered a hamper with fifty bottles of genuine champagne, probably ordered by a superior officer of the insurgents. Great was the exultation among my soldiers, not one of whom had ever tasted champagne in his life. The necks of the bottles were quickly chopped off, and the sweet foaming wine drunk in eager draughts. It was much liked, though many declared that they would rather have had *sklikowitz* (plum-brandy).

We made our bivouac on the spot where we had taken the waggons; and here ensued scenes full of animation and mirth. Huge fires were kindled as usual, for it was yet pretty cold, and the men fell to boiling and roasting, to their hearts' content. A patrole had accidentally picked up five gipsies, with a couple of girls. These people, provided with instruments, played up; and my hussars, clat-

tering with their spurs, snapping their fingers, danced half the night on the hard-frozen ground, which formed a capital floor for the purpose. All was gaiety and merriment; and yet we imagined that, in the next days, we should have hot work in the reduction of Pesth and Buda. But the soldier enjoys the present moment, reckless what the morrow may produce.

I too yielded to the seductive influence of the moment, and danced several rounds with the handsome Seressan girl, whom I have already mentioned. Then, shoving my saddle under my head, wrapping myself in a woollen coverlet, I lay down by the watch-fire, to contemplate the scene about me.

Above, the dark wintry firmament, with its sparkling stars, reddened in the distance by the glare of a conflagration, such as we saw almost every day—for Kossuth's bands burned in their retreat many dwellings, and even villages inhabited by Germans and Slaaves—in a wide circle around me, our horses, completely covered with their warm cloths, either stretched at full length, or feeding out of their

nose-bags, part of them of course saddled and bridled, ready at the first signal to bear their riders against the enemy. Near me, tinged by the bright blazing fire, the dancing hussars, in their white cloaks, all hale fellows, with dark expressive countenances, black eyes, and the lower part of the face covered with a thick black beard.

The few Seressans whom I still had with me—on account of the extraordinary service they render in scouting patroles, the uncommon acuteness of their senses, and their peculiar dexterity—lay asleep by the fire, wrapped in their red and brown hooded cloaks; for they were elderly men, and had ceased to have any taste for dancing and noisy mirth. Add to all this the tones of the gipsy music, which was not amiss, and the shouting, the singing, the snapping, the clattering of my men.

At a distance was heard occasionally the cry of our vedettes, and here and there, from the recesses of the woods, the howling of wolves, which are still tolerably numerous in Hungary. For those animals this year was a propitious one; many a dead horse, and like-

wise many a human corse, found its way into their never-sated maws.

About midnight my order put an end to the dancing, for the men could not be allowed to waste their strength to no purpose; and all whose duty did not keep them waking were soon stretched by the watch-fire, sleeping the sound sleep of the weary, which the soldier always does in the field.

Shortly before the morning dawn, we others, alarmed by a vedette, which made the signal for an attack, were prepared for it, and in our saddles in a few minutes. It proved to be a false alarm: no enemy made his appearance, and so we could take a few more hours' rest, before we broke up, in order to get sight about noon of the steeples of Buda in the distance.

It was believed throughout the whole army that the insurgents would concentrate themselves before Buda, and attempt to make as long a stand as possible in that town and in Pesth, which is connected with it. All of us looked forward to a decisive engagement here, and made every preparation for it. In pom-

pous phrases, the radical Hungarian newspapers, which, be it observed by the way, lied more impudently, and boasted more absurdly, than the Vienna papers themselves during the October insurrection, proclaimed that Buda would be another Saragossa, and that there the Imperial army of Austria would find its destruction.

For months together entrenchments had been constructing, and much property of industrious families laid waste. And now, when the trial came, all this had been done for nothing. Kossuth was afraid of getting between two fires; the majority of the population of Buda and Pesth, who had sufficiently learned his character, and had seen through his ambitious schemes, was wholly adverse to him and his party. Had we therefore made an attack from without, he must have apprehended that a party within was rising against him; and it is not improbable that this consideration contributed much to his retreat, resembling a flight, to Debreczin.

When our scouts informed us that the entrenchments near Buda were wholly un-

occupied, and that Kossuth's army was fleeing from Pesth, we could not give any credit to the report. Cautiously and still apprehensive of treachery, or an ambuscade of some kind, we approached the city; but the report was perfectly correct; with the exception of individual laggards, we found not a single defender in all the works; and we soon received certain intelligence from the city, that we could enter without molestation. To many in our army who were eager for fighting, this was a great disappointment. Many of our divisions had not had an opportunity, since Vienna, to fire a single shot at the enemy.

It was a fine sight when, on the 6th of January, we marched over the great bridge of boats from Buda to Pesth, to make our entry into the first city of Hungary. All possible preparations had been made, and the bands of several regiments played with animation the Austrian national hymn. We were greeted with loud *Eljens!* and handkerchiefs waved from the windows of very many houses. It was a day of universal rejoicing. The many thousand Germans and Slaaves who compose

half the population of those two cities made bitter complaints of the ill-treatment which they had suffered from the partisans of Kossuth. Whoever is acquainted with the coarse haughtiness of the Hungarian nobles, and the savage character of Magyar peasants, will not be surprised at this.

It was an extraordinary sensation for me to sleep once more in a bed, and to be able to pull off my clothes. This had not been the case since the 21st of November, when we marched away from Vienna. Upon the whole, the incessant advanced post duty, and the continual patroles, have so harassed men and horses, that we need repose. This rest will not be long; for, though the complete suppression of the rebellion is to be anticipated, the business may still be protracted for weeks. The many plains of Hungary, the districts of the Cumanes and Jazyges, the seats of the genuine Magyar race, will henceforth be the theatre of war; and there, so clever, shrewd, and at the same time energetic man as Kossuth, will find many resources, if he is resolved to play a desperate game.

After all, the best allies of the insurgents are the wretched roads; in spring, when the thaws commence, they are almost bottomless, and impede every operation. In particular, the transport of artillery, in which arm we are so superior to the insurgents, is attended with prodigious exertions. Hundreds of poor horses, employed in this service, are driven to death, and you advance very slowly, or not at all; so that the General never can execute a plan with certainty.

We hussars, on our light horses, are less cramped by the miserable roads: at least, our enemies, who are mounted and organized in the same manner as we, are subject to the same inconveniences that we experience. In these Hungarian affairs, it is a fine thing to belong to the cavalry; and let us only get to the extensive plains, which seem to be made for cavalry actions, and we shall be found capable of doing good service.

My next letter will, I hope, be dated from Debreczin; the place where, in early youth, my military career commenced.

LETTER VII.

Hardships of advanced post service—The Writer's picture of himself—Frequent actions with the Magyars—Sharp combat at Gyöngiös—Excellence of the Hungarian cavalry—Quality of the Austrian army—Cruel necessity of having to fight against former friends and comrades exemplified—Remarkable meeting of the Writer with hussars of his old regiment—Brief occasional suspension of hostilities between the advanced posts of the two armies—Extreme animosity of both parties in fight—Diminished importance of cavalry in war.

It frequently appears incomprehensible to me that I am yet alive, and have not even one crippled limb about my body. What hardships I have encountered during the last weeks, what dangers I have escaped, are not to be described.

As I am still employed with the advanced troops, which of late have unfortunately become too often the rear-guard of our corps, and as I am in general roving about with my little

troop, difficulties and dangers fall in double measure to our lot. I had long forgotten what a bed, what a chair was like; and I never had my clothes off, ever since our departure from Pesth till the day before yesterday; when, on account of the excessive fatigue of our horses—for of course no regard was paid to us men—it was found absolutely necessary to grant them a few days' rest.

But how do I look myself?—frightful, hideous. I could not forbear laughing, when I first saw my figure again in the glass. A long beard covered chin, cheeks, and lips, forming not the most graceful curls, the hair of the head wretchedly cut by an hussar; the forehead bound with a black handkerchief, on account of a slight cut which I had received from an Hungarian hussar, a few days before; my white cloak covered with spots, gray, black, brown, and yellow, marbled with streaks of blood, in holes from sword-cuts, balls, and firebrands of the bivouac; the *tschako* cut through and bent; instead of the neat *tschismen*, clumsy fisherman's boots, over the trousers, having a broad border of leather; and the

black and yellow sash, stripped of all its fringe.

My sword, from the many strokes that it has dealt and parried, is full of notches and covered with rusty blood-stains; my excellent Ali, my noble charger, is dry as a cat, and deprived of one ear; but, at the same time, like his master—God be praised!—fresh and hearty, and always ready for new conflicts. My soldiers, too, bear up stoutly, but look still more like a band of robbers than I do like a captain of banditti.

More than half of those whom I had at first along with me have, it is true, fallen or are severely wounded, and my little corps has repeatedly required completing. Well; this great empire has still abundance of men; even though all who are here should perish, the Emperor will always obtain more soldiers. Human life sinks prodigiously in value, when one has, like us, lived for a year in continual war.

As we are always in the immediate neighbourhood of the enemy, and our vedettes are frequently placed not above a mile from his

advanced posts, we have had to sustain innumerable fights, particularly of late. Scarcely a day passes, on which we have not been engaged, on a greater or a smaller scale, with the enemy's hussars; and we often enjoyed this treat in the morning for breakfast, and again in the evening—nay, some days were wholly passed in incessant skirmishing.

Frequently it was only a few sword-cuts that individual horsemen exchanged with one another, or the advanced posts sent for variety's sake a few carbine balls to and fro; or the point was to execute or to repel some cunningly devised attack. But sometimes the matter was more serious; real battles were fought, and the cannon roared lustily the while. Many a rider had to exchange his seat in the saddle for ever, for a bed in the cold ground.

The more important actions were some of them very sanguinary; for both parties fought with the greatest courage and inexpressible animosity. Thus, at Gyöngiös, I saw two squadrons of Kossuth's hussars charge three times, in order to break into a square of our infantry: twice were they repulsed by the calm,

steady fire of our men; horses and riders had fallen in files; when they made a third charge, amidst loud shouts of "*Huzzah! eljen, eljen, Kossuth!*" dashed at full speed, utterly regardless of our fire, broke the square, and plied their sharp swords with destructive fury. Unfortunately, being ourselves at the moment engaged with a superior body of the enemy's cavalry, we could not go to the assistance of our gallant comrades. Though, after a hot contest, we retained the field of battle, our loss was not inconsiderable.

It is not to be denied that the greater part of the insurgents, and their cavalry in particular, fight valiantly, and display a courage and an address which are the prominent characteristics of the good soldier. What are those prating, boasting, cowardly Italians to these bold Magyars and death-defying Poles! With the exception of part of the Sardinian army, especially the Piedmontese regiments, all these so-called soldiers of the so-called republics are not worth so much as four regiments of Hungarian hussars.

But it is a question whether, in spite of the

gallant and clever defence of the enemy, we might not have been more successful, if matters had been managed differently in the highest quarter. The spirit of our soldiers, with very few exceptions, continues to be the best; and, in the firm endurance of the endless hardships which this campaign brought with it, they have performed things almost incredible. Yes, our army is brave and faithful; the good old spirit still lives in it; and under judicious guidance and direction, very much may still be accomplished with it.

Should it be decreed in the book of Fate that the power of Austria shall be dissolved; that this once so proud empire shall be overturned, our army must first be destroyed—annihilated. So long as this subsists, so long as it adheres firmly together, so long will Austria stand unshaken. She must support herself upon her bayonets: these have not yet begun to waver—all other props are rotten, and of little value.

But to return to the details of my life, since my last letter.—It would be too tedious to describe all the petty actions in which I

have since been engaged. We frequently drove back the Magyars, and were sometimes repulsed by them when the fortune of war so willed it. Doleful scenes there were in abundance—rarely cheering ones.

The buoyant joyousness with which we entered into the war is much damped, and has given place to a manly sobriety. Jovial war and drinking-songs are now heard but seldom, and on particular occasions, in our bivouacs. They proceed in general from individuals only; the majority are too fatigued or out of humour. Almost every day are coming accounts that this or the other friend or gallant comrade has met with death from the enemy's balls or swords, or that he is lying severely wounded. The incessant recurrence of such tidings must in the end depress the spirits.

Of late, too, it is not forward that we have moved; but a great way backward that we have had to go; and that is a galling word to the ear of the brave soldier, which is apt to rob him of all disposition to cheerfulness. Now, it is to be hoped that we shall move

forward, steadily forward, and make amends for previous omissions.

But it is impossible to foresee when this unhappy war is to end. The Hungarians will keep it up to the last extremity; it will yet cost one cannot tell how much blood, till Austria can consider all Hungary and Transylvania as completely conquered provinces. And whenever this takes place, an army of fifty thousand men must be left in the country, to extinguish any flame that may burst forth from the fire, which will long, very long, smoulder under the ashes.

But what is this to us inferior officers! If any faults have been committed, it is not by us, neither have we to answer for them: our duty is only to fight for the honour of the Austrian colours, and *that* we will faithfully, till our latest breath.

What has of late frequently rendered fighting extremely unpleasant to me has been, that I so often found myself opposed to hussars of the regiment to which I formerly belonged, and that I have been repeatedly obliged to battle with them in good earnest. Thus, I was once

nearly a day skirmishing with a troop of cavalry, chiefly composed of hussars of the squadron to which for years I had formerly belonged.

A corporal of my company, whom I had myself clothed and trained, now commanded as officer; and it cannot be denied that he did his business cleverly. I myself shot through the head, with my pistol, an old hussar, who had known me when still a cadet, and from whom I gained much practical knowledge. He dropped from his horse immediately. He had fired at me twice, and his balls had passed through my cloak and through the flourishing tail of my horse. With another hussar, who had long been my private servant, I was engaged in a longer single combat with the sword. Both cut away stoutly, but at last separated without either having done the other much harm.

Comrades of other days, with whom I had emptied so many a bottle, with whom I had played or chatted so many an hour, with whom I had had so many a wild nocturnal ride, when returning from the convivial halls of Gallician mansions to our distant villages—these were now arrayed as bitter enemies against me.

One of their hussars, with whom I had formerly been well acquainted, once called out to me in Hungarian, in the midst of an action: "Formerly you were my brave officer, and I was attached to you; now you are the enemy of my country, and I'll shoot you." At the same moment he fired his pistol at me, and galloped off; the ball whizzing past my head.

A few days afterwards I again met with hussars of my former regiment in a singular manner. The petty advanced post fights and skirmishes had been so incessant and so harassing, particularly for the horses, that both parties necessarily required some rest; and so a kind of truce ensued between the corps opposed to each other. Our vedettes were posted about two thousand paces distant from each other, both parties equally unconcerned about an attack, at least about any secret surprise; for to all a day's rest was far more agreeable than fighting.

We were upon short commons, as we had long been: our supplies were very scanty, for there was not much to be picked up in the

extensive plains where we then were; as the Magyars had carried off all the provisions they could, or concealed, or even destroyed them.

I looked, therefore, rather disconsolate, when I saw my men cooking the everlasting *mamaliga* (Indian meal porridge) at the watch-fire. This is of itself rather insipid food; but when you are confined to it for weeks together, with scarcely any variation, it becomes absolutely disgusting; and I shall think of this *mamaliga* as long as I live. Neither was there much *sklikowitz* in our *tschuttoras;* and so we sat in no very good humour around our slender watch-fire, swallowing our meal porridge, and washing it down with bad water.

Our adversaries must have been, as they generally were, better supplied with provisions of all kinds. The sounds of their laughter and singing rang in our ears like derision. I saw two hussars waving a white cloth, as a signal for us to come to them.

Curious to learn what they meant, I approached, and recognised in them two soldiers

of my old squadron. On my coming up to them, they saluted me respectfully; said they had excellent provisions, a cask of wine, and a fat hog; and, as they knew that we had not much that was good, they came to ask me to accept part of their store. As I perceived that I had before us genuine Magyars, who, when not excited, always act honourably, I thankfully accepted their offer, and sent a couple of hussars over to them.

The hussars soon returned, laden with about forty quarts of good Hungarian wine and a quarter of a pig; and it was not long before my soldiers were feasting in high glee, quite forgetting that they had received this treat from an enemy, with whom, in a few hours, they might be fighting for life and death. One civility is worthy of another; so, when our meal was over, I took a large bladder of fine Turkish tobacco, of which I still possessed a tolerable stock, and which I knew from experience the Hungarian hussars to be very fond of, and went towards the enemy's bivouac fire. An hussar came forward, to serve me as a guide.

As soon as I approached the fire, the whole of the men on guard, about fifty hussars of my former regiment, rose respectfully; saluted me in the same manner as if I was still their officer; and were delighted when I acquainted them with the object of my visit, and delivered the tobacco to the grey-bearded veteran who acted as commander.

I conversed for a few moments with the hussars, most of whom I personally knew, and asked them why they had left their colours to fight against their king. "That we do not," replied they very seriously; "Ferdinand is still our king, and we would have him remain so; but the country must not be divided among Croatians and Germans, such as the Ban Jellachich and Windischgrätz choose to give it to."

I laughed, and assured them that nobody had ever thought of such a thing: but they declared that Kossuth had said so; that what he said was true; that they would do every thing that he commanded; and that their captain and colonel also had enjoined them to do all that Kossuth directed.

I asked them whether I had not formerly

treated them as kindly as the captain, who had dispensed so many floggings. "Better, much better," they exclaimed! "You are an excellent man, but you are a German, and the captain is an Hungarian, and so we had rather do what he orders."

One of them said: "You have been a good officer, and, when we take you prisoner, we will use you well." I laughed, and replied, "You may be sure that I shall not let you take me prisoner, but be cut in pieces first." The old soldier acting as commandant of the watch patted me familiarly on the shoulder, and said gravely: "You are right; whoever has had the honour to command us formerly as officer, must now not let us catch him."

On departing, many of them extended their hands to me, and they shouted a thundering *Eljen! eljen!* as I withdrew. In a few hours, a detachment of the Polish legion relieved the Hungarians, and attacked us the same evening with such fury, that we could scarcely keep our ground.

Such suspensions of arms at the advanced

posts were not practicable, unless with what had formerly been regular troops, or well disciplined *honvöd* battalions or squadrons. There were divisions in the Magyar army which it would have been very dangerous to trust, even for a moment. If an advanced post division on either side wished for a few hours' truce, it caused the signal for foddering to sound. If this was answered from the opposite side, the truce was concluded; if not, it was rejected. If hostilities were to recommence, the signal for saddling was blown; and in a few minutes the attack began, or at least might be begun.

Notwithstanding this mutual, amicable agreement, both parties fought with extreme animosity, and giving or accepting quarter was very rarely thought of. The Magyars scarcely ever accept quarter: many of them have been taught to believe that Windischgrätz has both thumbs of all prisoners chopped off, to render them unfit for military service; and our soldiers, who well knew how many unfortunate prisoners had been inhumanly slaughtered by individual battalions of savage

honvöds, preferred fighting to the last gasp to surrendering their swords.

How often have I seen, on our side as well as on that of the Magyars, a horseman completely covered with blood, defending himself with desperation against great odds, and suffering himself to be cut down from his horse before he would accept quarter! I have myself once had to sustain the attack of three mounted *honvöds* for half an hour; and saved myself at last only by my Ali, who lost an ear in the fray, making a prodigious leap over a ditch, across which my antagonists could not follow me. From this affair, I brought away only a slight wound in the forehead. It would have been much deeper, had not a silk handkerchief which I had in my *tschako* broken the chief force of the stroke.

It was a fine sight, such a combat of horse soldiers, man against man, in which strength, courage, and dexterity display themselves. In this Hungarian campaign, in which the cavalry was in general of such prominent importance, this treat was profusely afforded to us partisan corps and advanced post troops.

In other situations, these fights are becoming less frequent: all firearms are now so improved, that the cavalry is thrown more and more into the background. This relic of chivalry is wholly disappearing. If I had sons who were determined to be soldiers, I would put them into the artillery or the engineers; on these the issue of battles will more and more depend.

This, indeed, is not the country for them. The roads are so bottomless that the artillery is either not to be moved forward at all, or not without the greatest exertions. Sixteen or eighteen horses are often harnessed to a single piece, and then it can scarcely be dragged from the spot. The wretched and often impassable roads are, upon the whole, of great advantage to the Magyars. With their small, light, active hussar horses they can get on every where incomparably better than our cuirassiers, on their heavy, unwieldy beasts. The poor cuirassier horses often appear to suffer sadly. Nevertheless, precisely the cuirassier regiments, especially the regiments of Hardeg, Auersperg, Wall-

moden, and Prince of Prussia, have done a great deal in this campaign, and gained themselves high reputation.

We hussars are upon a par with the enemy in respect to getting forward; and, as there is a considerable want of light cavalry, our services have been in great request, so that we have often been obliged to remain in the saddle night and day.

But how cheerfully I should bear it all, did not this accursed war bring with it scenes that have harrowed my soul! Yes! in these last weeks I have had to endure profound sorrows.

I will tell you more about this in my next.

LETTER VIII.

Action with a Honvöd corps—A military field hospital —Painful meeting of the Writer with an old friend—Affecting death scene of St—— —Serious affair with a body of the enemy's infantry—Singular fate of the Countess Helene, sister of Count St—— — A halt and military workshop.

We had—as we so often have had—a serious engagement with the Magyars, in which there were, on both sides at least, ten or twelve thousand men in the fire. On this occasion, the enemy again had a numerous and excellent light cavalry, and had the skill to employ it on ground favourable for himself; so that our infantry was repeatedly exposed to the most violent attacks, and had the greatest difficulty to ward them off.

Two squadrons in particular, of very well organized and equipped *honvöds*, distinguished themselves by their furious charges on Croatian infantry battalions, and could at last not

be compelled to retreat but by several discharges of grape, which made dreadful havoc in their ranks.

The leader of this corps, a man of tall elegant figure, in the rich dress of a magnate, mounted on a superb, spirited, gray stallion, which he managed with great dexterity, was indefatigable in always rallying his men, and leading them back against our infantry. He galloped to and fro with as much unconcern as if the balls whizzing around him were but snowballs, continually flourishing his glistening blade.

The figure of the rider seemed to be well known to me; but I could not distinguish his features, as we were drawn up in rear of our column of infantry, at the distance of some hundred paces from him.

Twice he had escaped unhurt the fire of our infantry; when, as I have already mentioned, some guns, which had meanwhile come up, began to fire with grape. He seemed not to heed the first discharge; for I saw him, still brisk and animated as ever, galloping about at the head of his men. The second must have

been directed better; for when the smoke cleared off, I could perceive horse and rider on the ground.

At the same moment we received the signal for charging. The ranks of our infantry suddenly opened, to let us pass through, and we advanced at full gallop upon the enemy's horse. These at first retired precipitately, to get beyond the range of our cannon; then rallied, and drove us back; we did the same by them; and so we went on, till at length, as it is usual in Hungary, the whole dissolved into single combats, in which man is engaged hand to hand with man.

It was nearly dark when, with my troop, some of whom were killed, others severely wounded, I reached the main body. Scarcely had we unsaddled, and, tired to death, I was about to stretch myself by the watch-fire, fed with the ruins of houses which had been pulled down, when an infantry soldier, appointed to hospital duty, came to inform me that an officer of the insurgents, dangerously wounded and taken prisoner, having heard my name, wished to speak to me.

In spite of weariness, I immediately followed my guide to the hurdle-shed, which was fitted up for an hospital. Dismal was the appearance of this dark, low place, scantily lighted by the hand-lanterns of the surgeons and attendants, who, with their blood-striped sleeves tucked up high, and with aprons equally bloody, were busily engaged. The wounded lay close to one another upon dirty straw, which in places was quite wet and slippery from the blood upon it. Loud and gentle sighs, moans, groans, gnashing of teeth, mingled at times with curses, in the Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, German, and Croatian languages. I was obliged to rally my courage, lest I should be scared back.

In the furthest corner of the long building, on a bed of straw, lay the wounded prisoner, who wished to speak to me. How was I shocked when the light of the attendant's lantern fell upon his face, and I recognised Count St——!

On our march through Croatia to Vienna, I had passed two days at his mansion; had seen him in the society of two charming women—

his wife and his sister—in the full enjoyment of happiness; and now, in what a state was I doomed to find him! St——, a Magyar to the inmost fibre of his heart, had indeed then told me that he should take up arms for Kossuth; but thus to meet him again I was not at all prepared.

Kneeling by the side of my pale friend, whose noble countenance bore the evident impress of speedy death, I grasped his cold hand, and asked in what way I could be serviceable to him. "Thank you for coming," he replied in a voice scarcely audible, and this effort manifestly caused him great pain; "I heard that you were here, and I sent for you. I am dying; my chest is shattered. When I am dead, take the pocket-book out of my uniform, and send it to my wife, who lives at K——: it contains my will and other papers."

Here he made a long pause, during which I strove to cheer him.

"Don't talk thus—'tis of no use—we part as friends—I have fought for my country—you are faithful to your colours."

I pressed his hand in silence.

"Where is your sister Helene?" I at length asked.

"With the army," he answered—"she is fighting for Hungary."

It was now a considerable time before St—— could utter a word. He moaned gently; and a regimental surgeon, who came to us, significantly made the sign of the cross with his finger.

At length, after a full hour, he suddenly raised himself and said,—"So — now 'tis all over — salute Marie (the name of his wife) — Marie!" and with that he stretched himself out, his eye-strings broke, and his spirit fled.

With tears in my eyes, I took, in obedience to my friend's last injunction, from the breast-pocket of his uniform, his pocket-book, which was so steeped in blood, that the writings in it had become almost illegible; cut off several locks of his fine black hair and of the curling moustaches, which had always been his pride; and took the rings from his fingers; to send as speedily and as safely as possible to the unfortunate widow. The chief surgeon promised

me that St—— should be decently buried and alone; and so I had done what I could.

St—— had been one of my most intimate friends in the army. For years together, as cadets and officers, we had been almost inseparable. I had always wished to spend a few months on leave of absence upon his fine estates in Hungary; and now I had buried him as my enemy!

A few days afterwards, my heart was doomed to suffer another severe wound. We had been battling about with the Magyars, as we so often were, on a white moor—for the whole country was covered with snow. The three Croatian battalions of ours had got into a rather serious affair with a strong body of the enemy's infantry, and had in the end driven it back with the bayonet. We too had pushed on pretty far, and had driven the enemy's horse opposed to us from the field. We had also taken some of his forage waggons, with wine, bacon, and maize-flour — a most welcome prize for our men.

Mine was, as usual, the forwardest troop of the advanced guard, and my posts were pushed

on to a considerable distance against the enemy. As this part of the country was pretty well stocked with growing wood, the want of which we often felt most sensibly in the extensive plains, my hussars had kindled a prodigious fire, the flames from which rose high into the air; roasted and boiled at it in high glee; and circulated the wooden camp-bottles, once more replenished with wine, at the same time singing their songs in full chorus, as though there were not an enemy far or near; and they had the happiest and pleasantest life in the world.

I could not participate in this joyous mood; an obscure presentiment depressed me; and, much as I otherwise like to see my hussars enjoy themselves of an evening at the watch-fire, and to hear them sing, it was now disagreeable to me. As I was, moreover, apprehensive that my vedettes might have made too free with the wine to exercise the necessary vigilance, I took two of the Seressans with me, to inspect the chain of posts on foot. All the posts were watchful; and, though I sought to steal softly and cautiously upon some of

them, yet they all challenged me in due time, and behaved with great propriety.

Satisfied on this point, I set out, with my two attendants, on my return to the watch-fire, the tall flame of which flared up cheeringly before us; when, the moon shining tolerably bright, we perceived a human figure lying at the foot of a tree.

We went nearer—it was a woman, dressed as a man, in the costume of an Hungarian magnate; the long hair which fell over her shoulders betrayed her sex. My Seressans turned her round; and by the pale moonbeams I recognised Helene, the lovely sister of my friend St——. Inexpressible anguish thrilled me at that moment, and I was well nigh throwing myself upon the corpse.

Forcibly mustering my spirits, I ordered my men to carry the body to the fire. There we examined it more closely, and with extreme anxiety I sought to ascertain whether there was any hope left of reviving her. Vain hope! it was several hours since her spirit had departed; the ball of one of our riflemen had gone through her heart. From the small red

wound the blood was still oozing in single drops, which I carefully caught in my handkerchief, to be preserved as a relic.

My only consolation was that the deceased could not have suffered long; that she must have expired the very moment she was struck. Those pure, noble, still wondrous beautiful features—on her brow dwelt peace and composure, and the lips almost smiled. There she lay as if in tranquil slumber; and yet those eyes were never more to open—those lips never more to utter noble sentiments, or words of kindness.

My hussars were visibly affected, and thought it a pity that one so young and so beautiful should die so early. Many of them, who had been with me on our first march through Hungary, for two days together at St——'s mansion, instantly recognised Helene, and doubly lamented her death, because she had shown such kindness to them.

We thawed by a fire the ground not far from a maple-tree, and were employed nearly the whole night in digging a large deep grave with our hand-bills and swords. By the time

the first rays of dawn appeared, we had finished; an hussar, who could do carpenter's work, having meanwhile made a simple cross out of the stems of two young white maples.

The corpse, in full uniform; the *kolpack*, with plume of glistening heron's feathers on the head; the light Turkish sabre by her side; was then carefully wrapped in a clean, large blanket, which we had with us, and so deposited in the grave, which we filled up again with earth. Then, regardless of caution, I had a full salute fired with pistols over the grave. I have preserved a small gold ring and a lock of her hair for a memorial. When our melancholy business was finished, we moved off after the enemy, who retreated rather hastily.

The tempestuous feelings that filled my heart I am not able to describe. Helene had, as I subsequently learned, served as aide-de-camp to her maternal uncle, who commanded a considerable Magyar corps, and was shot, when acting in that capacity, by our soldiers in the above-mentioned action.

Thus have I lost, in one week, two indivi-

duals so dear to me, and both opposed to me as enemies; and, besides them, how many esteemed comrades, on the side of the insurgents as well as ours! how many excellent officers have already been snatched from us! how cruelly the brave cuirassier regiments, in particular, have suffered!

And what has yet been gained? Nothing—absolutely nothing! Our prospect is worse than it has been for months. It costs us trouble enough to keep Pesth alone; and the march to Debreczin, which I myself thought to be so easy, is again far distant.

But all this must not make our courage falter for a moment. We shall continue to go undauntedly into fire again and again; and, if we are but ably led, there will be no want of willingness on the part of our soldiers.

For the last two days, I have lain quietly, with my detachment, at a solitary inn, perfectly safe from an attack of the enemy; and hence the leisure of which I avail myself to pen these lines. This rest was a necessity for us; if horses, arms, clothes, were not to be

utterly ruined. The place in which I am writing, and what meets my eye when I raise it from the paper, is so extraordinary, that I must describe it.

A long, low, public room, with unpaved floor, the walls blackened by the smoke of the fire of the hearth, which is in one corner; the small window-panes, almost all broken, and replaced by wisps of straw, so that the chief light must enter at the open door. The whole of the furniture consists of a table of dirty wood, and a few rush-bottom chairs.

Above half of this room is occupied by a vast bed of straw, on which are stretched about a score of my hussars, in their now grotesque-looking uniforms, in all possible postures, sleeping the sound sleep of the weary, and at the same time snoring and snorting in disagreeable concert.

I myself, the writer of these lines, which, it is to be hoped, will duly reach their destination, am balancing myself upon one of the aforesaid rush-bottom chairs, which has but three legs left, but which is the least damaged of them all. My paper lies upon a corner of

the table, and my pencil is moving nimbly over it.

Almost close to me, upon the table, so that their wide-spreading arms pass close over my head, two hussars have established themselves as tailors. They sew away with such spirit as though they had never in their lives practised any other than the noble art of tailoring; and before them lies a large heap of patched dolmans, cloaks, trousers—attesting their industry. They seem, however, not to possess much tact in regard to colours; for I see at this moment that one of them has clapped on the knee of my gray riding trousers a reddish brown patch, probably taken from an old Seressan cloak. Well; if it only lasts, the colour just now is of little consequence.

The other end of the table is turned into a saddler's workshop, where some hussars are hard at work in supplying the place of damaged thongs about saddles and bridles with fresh ones. The cobbler, also a *dilletante* in his very useful profession, has squatted himself on the floor; and, as he has not leather for

mending, he takes some of the softened parts of a calf's hide, from which the hair has been scraped with a knife.

In the field, the grand point is to know how to help one's self; and the hussars thoroughly understand that art. Though in garments patched with incongruous colours, we shall leave our station in whole clothes and boots; and so a great deal is gained.

We have also an armourer here in the room. A large field-stone, which he has rolled up to the hearth, serves for his anvil. He is an old, weather-beaten hussar, who served for many years as haiduck in a frontier country, and is busily engaged in removing notches and bumps from the blades and sheaths of swords. He wished to exercise his skill on my Damascus blade; but the excellent steel withstood his tools; and so, grumbling, he laid it reluctantly aside.

But it is our cooks, who are bustling about a huge kettle over the fire, that excite the greatest interest. Though the house was left quite deserted—for the landlord and his two sons are reported to be with the insurgents,

and the wife to have fled to Pesth—we discovered a lean hog which had almost become wild, and soon afterwards a cellar, containing some sacks of *kukuruz*, a bag of *paprika* (red Turkish pepper), and a small cask of *sklikowitz*.

Great was the rejoicing. The hog soon gave up the ghost, under the swords of the hussars; and now there was roasting, and feasting, and revelling, as in the house of Ulysses. Our cooks (my handsome Seressan girl is unfortunately no longer with us, but has gone back to the frontiers with her father, who is severely wounded) contrived to make a variety of dishes, all of which, however, were reducible to one, with the three ingredients, pork, Turkey corn, and pepper; and some of them were really savoury. I, at least, relished them better than the best dinners I ever enjoyed at the tables of princes.

In the long barn attached to the house, where our horses stand, and at the well before it, as great activity prevails as in the room itself. There the shoes of the horses are examined; the gun-shot wounds and con-

tusions which many of them have received are washed and rubbed with hog's lard; the fetlocks clipped; and the manes, which have almost run wild, trimmed, and put to rights a little.

Here, in the room, the men are provided for; yonder, without, the faithful horses, our second halves, to whom we are so often indebted for life and liberty. But, when I survey many of these small lean animals, standing about with low-bowed head, I can scarcely conceive them to be the same that have shown such untiring vigour, energy, and speed, and which make the best soldiers' horses in the world for a harassing campaign.

They are just leading my Ali to water in the courtyard. The noble beast, a genuine Turkish stallion, who has already been much harassed, still cuts a proud figure enough, when compared with our hussar horses. I whistle to him upon my finger, and he pricks his only ear, comes running to me through the open door into the room, snuffles inquisitively about the table, and throws down all the work of the tailor-hussars.

Our cobbler leathers away quite unconcerned, though the horse stands almost over him as he cowers upon the ground, and might easily tread upon him. But our horses, and Ali in particular, hostile as they are to strangers, know us so well, and have become so familiar with us, that we could lie down fearlessly under their legs. How often have I slept, with my head lying on my resting horse! We are become half-Centaurs. It is not till he has him in the field that his rider is fully sensible what a noble beast the horse is.

The cook is just telling me that dinner is ready: a piece of intelligence that gives universal pleasure, and calls all away from their various occupations to the pot. I, as officer, receive my portion first in a pewter plate to myself; this is my only privilege.

A lie-down had been prepared for me in a chamber half fallen in, on a bedstead half broken to pieces; but it swarmed so terribly with vermin that I preferred sleeping, as usual, with cloak, saddle-cloth, and saddle, in the barn among the horses.

Such are the quarters in which we are at

present recruiting ourselves, and which we shall leave to-morrow evening. You may judge from this, how it often fares with us in the open field, and what hardships we have to undergo; but to all this and a great deal more I would cheerfully submit, were it but a different kind of war—were we not obliged to direct our most vigorous efforts against our own flesh and blood.

When I shall be able to write again I know not. My name, it is to be hoped, will ere long appear in the list of the slain.

Note of the Correspondent from whom the Letters were received by the German Editor.

The author of these Letters, a few days after the transmission of the last, was very dangerously wounded, and doubts are entertained of his recovery.

LETTER IX.

Action with the Magyars—The Writer having received two wounds, is left for dead on the field—Survey of the field of battle, on recovering his senses—Examination of his wounds—Awful situation in the night—Found by a patrole of his hussars, and conveyed to the watch-fire of the cavalry—Bivouacking on the field of the battle in the morning—Orders to fall back, and painful night-journey—Insensibility—Another hospital scene—Extracting of the ball—Another awful night-journey with wounded men—Halt at a solitary pusta.

This time it has gone hard with me—I have had a narrow escape from Charon's boat—a little more, and I should have been struck out of the Army-list, as one of the dead. Thanks to my tough constitution, and the concurrence of many fortunate circumstances, which I should almost call miracles, I have weathered it this time.

Patched up again, I have been resting for some weeks from the late tremendous hardships and fatigues; and, as I am unfortunately

still too weak to wield the sword, I will make amends by plying the pencil the more industriously, and relate all that has befallen me. Many things, when I call them to mind, already appear to me like a dream; and frequently I can scarcely comprehend myself how I could have endured all that I have done.

A few days after writing my last letter in the *pusta*.....,[1] where, forced by necessity for the refreshment of horses and men, we rested for a couple of days, our rear-guard again had a hot combat with a strong Magyar corps.

The Hungarians, reckoning upon their then superior force, pursued so sharply, that we were several times obliged to show our teeth in good earnest. We were obliged to show them, too, that, though we had been necessitated to abandon Pesth to them again, our courage was not in the least diminished.

[1] The names of persons and places which occur in the journal, written in pencil only, are, almost universally, very illegible. We have, therefore, thought it better to omit them entirely, as we should otherwise be liable to give them only in a very erroneous or mutilated form.—*Note by the German Editor.*

These combats were frequently mere skirmishes, in which cavalry fought against cavalry, and more sword-cuts were dealt than balls exchanged; but at times also larger masses of infantry were engaged. Such was the case, too, on the day when I received my wounds.

Very early in the morning, when day had scarcely dawned, their hussars endeavoured to surprise our guard; and at half-twilight we were engaged in a serious skirmish with them. It was still so dusk that it was scarcely possible to distinguish friend from foe; and we officers had great trouble to keep our men together, and to prevent them from separating, and thus getting taken.

After a combat of about an hour, in which neither gained much advantage, we had driven back our adversaries so far that we could give our horses a regular bait.

We were thus engaged, with most of the nose-bags still hanging about the horses' necks, and our breakfast consisting of *kukuruz* porridge, mixed with warm red Hungarian wine—for it was still rather cold—was suspended in

the camp-kettles over a scanty fire, when our advanced posts gave notice that the enemy was coming upon us again in far greater masses, and also with infantry.

In haste, to which we had long been accustomed, and now amidst loud curses and execrations, the feeding-bags were snatched from the horses, the bits placed in their mouths, the steaming kettles removed from the fire; and, in a few minutes, we were perfectly ready in our saddles, waiting for the enemy. Nor did they let us wait long; the Magyars being on all occasions distinguished in a high degree for briskness and impetuosity in attack.

The insurgents appeared this time to be several thousand strong; and, amidst loud shouts of "*Eljen! Eljen Kossuth!*" mingled with the tones of the Ragotzky march, played by a band, a mass of infantry, in close order, advanced upon us in charge-step.

As we were too weak to make resistance, and were obliged to wait for our infantry, which was on march, we fell back step by step, halting and making front every fifty or

one hundred paces. Our *tirailleurs*, whom we had relieved, rushed upon the enemy's cavalry; and snapping pistol-shots here and there proclaimed the commencement of the fight. Meanwhile, more and more of our troops came up; and when the Croatian frontier battalion had arrived in charge-step, and with them some light field-pieces, we were strong enough to make head against the enemy, and to accept battle.

It soon became general. The volleys of the infantry, accompanied by the thunder of the cannon, crashed incessantly, mingled with signals of trumpets, rolling of drums, words of command, snorting of horses—in short, the complete din of battle, such as I have so often heard since March last year.

We ourselves played an important part in this great drama. We had fenced about a little with our usual antagonists, the Magyar hussars; and I had received a cut upon the shoulder, which scarcely penetrated through the cloak and the *aiguillette* of the dolman, but had afterwards separated from them.

We then received orders, with a squadron of

cuirassiers, to disperse, if possible, a *honvöd* battalion, which had pushed on too far, and therefore was badly covered. The ground, a level plain, was at first very favourable for a cavalry attack; and the Croatian horse charged with loud "*Zivio! Zivio!*" and the German with "*Hurrah! Hurrah!* for the Emperor!"

But the ground was so saturated by frequent showers, that we could not advance at a gallop. We soon fell into disorder; the lines were broken; and many horses could not get forward but with difficulty, and at a slow pace. Others stuck so fast in the morass, that the men were obliged to dismount, in order to pull them out; in short, our fine attack proved a complete failure. Had the *honvöds* not fired so ill, we must have sustained very great loss; but, owing to that cause, it was inconsiderable.

I, for my part, had no difficulty to advance. My noble steed bore me, in prodigious bounds, over the swampy soil, into which he sank deep, and out of which he rose as upon springs; and some hussars succeeded in keeping up with me. But of what use was this?

Two or three dozen horses could not disperse a whole battalion.

Furious at our miscarriage, we were obliged to turn, when the trumpet gave the infamous signal to do so; while the *honvöds* broke into loud rejoicing, and amused themselves with sending many a ball after us. Our squadrons rallied on a more solid spot, and re-adjusted their ranks. Our loss was trifling; but many of the horses and their riders, who had stuck fast in the mud, were in a horrible plight.

Scarcely had the horses recovered their breath, when we prepared ourselves for a second attack. A somewhat more elevated piece of ground, sixty or eighty paces broad, seemed to promise us a firmer footing; and along this we again dashed, in the breadth of half-squadrons, upon the battalion.

Here the ground was better; and, though most of the horses were obliged to cease galloping, we advanced pretty rapidly, and had hopes of coming in contact with the hostile battalion. Our loss, however, was more considerable than the first time; in particular, many horses were wounded; as the *honvöds*

had given up firing volleys, but discharged their pieces singly, and took as good aim as they could.

My horse, made wild with the din of the fight, and snorting with wide-distended nostrils, carried me forward so impetuously that I had difficulty to curb him, lest we should advance too far. At the same time, I helped individual hussars—who were likely to stick fast again—out of the bog, either by pulling the horses by the bridle, or by inciting them to fresh exertions by smart blows with the flat of my sword.

Thus I was among the foremost, and still fifteen or twenty paces distant from the first rank of the enemy; ready in the next moment to slash away among them, as several gaps were already made; when I saw, exactly opposite to me, a flash proceed from the barrel of a piece. At the same moment, my horse, hit by a ball, made a tremendous leap; but I felt as if an ice-cold object struck my skin, and penetrated the abdomen, just below the last rib. It was such a sensation as if a large drop of the coldest water had fallen upon my

heated body. The ball had passed through the neck of my horse, and then entered my body below the sash. I kept my seat, reeling in the saddle, though my horse made some prodigious bounds towards the enemy.

I saw a *honvöd* running towards me—a great sturdy fellow, in a brown sheep-skin, his brownish-red face inflamed with rage or spirituous liquor; with long upturned, pointed moustaches, lank hair, wildly waving about the head, from which the *tschako* had fallen; a sight that I shall never forget while I live.

With a loud *bassamalika*, he made a thrust at my breast with his glistening bayonet; but at that moment my horse, in the agony of death, made another high spring; and the bayonet, instead of entering my breast, pierced my left thigh. At the same instant my horse suddenly fell with me, and bore me to the ground along with him.

Of what further happened to me I know nothing; darkness seemed to extinguish my sight, and my senses forsook me. I recollect only so much that a dull sound of clashing, and swearing, and firing arose around me;

and likewise that a horse's hoof touched my shoulder; and I shrunk instinctively as close as possible to the solid object beside me—my dead horse. All gradually became silent; and I sank into complete unconsciousness.

There I must have lain for several hours; for, when I came to myself, and opened my eyes, I perceived that the sun was high in the firmament, and that the hour of noon was past. The violent pain which I now felt in my thigh, and that less violent in the abdomen, reminded me that I had been severely wounded. My cloak, originally white, now of a yellowish grey colour, was stained with blood; and one hand, which had been placed just under the body-wound, was filled with blood. With great difficulty I raised myself up, against my dead horse, which lay by me already cold and stiff, into a half-sitting posture, to contemplate the nearest objects and the country about me.

All around was still and deserted; not a living thing stirred as far as my eye could reach. The combat must have been fierce precisely at this spot. Five paces in front of

me lay a dead cuirassier horse; close to it the body of its rider. Flat on the back, the helmet still upon the head, the cuirass upon the breast, lay the corpse, stiff and regularly outstretched, as if on a bed of state. Three or four bodies of *honvöds* formed not far off so confused a group, that I could not distinguish to which of them individual members belonged.

I thought that I could recognise also the *honvöd* who had stabbed me with his bayonet lying dead near me: but the face was so mutilated by sword-wounds, that the features could scarcely be distinguished.

Further forward, at the distance of twenty to thirty paces, lay several dead men and hussars. As far as I could discern in my half recumbent posture, two of these bodies were in the hussar uniform of our regiment; and several dead horses had our saddles and saddle-cloths. A dead piebald horse I knew to be the one which a subaltern of my squadron had ridden. That our cavalry must have succeeded in penetrating into the enemy's battalion was evident from the circumstance that all the bodies lay forward from me.

Some hundred paces further off, I thought I could discern dead soldiers and horses; which were to me a sure sign that ours had driven back and pursued the enemy. This idea was very consolatory. I hoped that, on their return, some of my soldiers would search for me, in order to bury me; and thus I might be found, and perhaps saved. At any rate, if my conjecture was well founded, I had less reason to fear falling into the enemy's hands as a prisoner—an idea more terrible to me than any other. For the rest, I saw and heard nothing either of friend or foe; but now and then I fancied that I could distinguish at a distance faint sounds of the trumpet, in which I imagined that I could recognise the signal for gathering.

After this preliminary survey, in which I convinced myself that it was utterly impossible for me to raise myself, my next care was to examine my wounds more closely, and to bind them up in the best manner I could. It was of great service to me that I had in my saddle-pocket a packet of lint, some linen bandages, a bottle of balsam for wounds,

knives, and scissors; and I grudged not the great exertion and the violent pain it caused me, to raise myself so far upon the horse as to be able to take these articles out of the pocket. I availed myself of this occasion to take also a loaded pistol from the holster; and now felt much easier in regard to my fate.

I first examined the shot-wound, sensible that it was the more important of the two, though the stab with the bayonet was far more painful. When I had unbuttoned cloak and dolman, I saw that my sash had become so rumpled up as to form a sort of compress over the wound. To this fortunate circumstance I owe perhaps the preservation of my life; but for that, I might easily have bled to death; whereas, now only single drops oozed from beneath the sash.

I took some lint, wetted it with balsam, cut with the scissors my shirt, which adhered to the wound, laid the lint close upon it, thrust my pocket-handkerchief over that, and tied the sash as tight as possible over the whole. In this operation, I assured myself

that there was no orifice in the back part of my body, and that the ball must consequently have lodged in it—a circumstance that was not agreeable to me. Easy as this operation is now to be described, so difficult did it prove in the execution. In raising the sash, I lost a good deal of blood, and was obliged to muster all my energies to prevent fainting.

When I had finished with that, I turned to my thigh, the pain of which became more and more intolerable. Here, too, knife and scissors soon procured me access to the wound, which was rather deep, but seemed to me not dangerous: because, as I could feel, the bone was not injured. The application of the balsam gave me immediately great relief. The contusion on my left shoulder, though of no consequence, began to swell and to pain me much; with my right hand I therefore applied the balsam, and rubbed on the place as far as I could reach.

When I had finished this business, which must have taken me full two hours, I wrapped myself in my cloak, reclined my head upon my dead horse, and calmly awaited what was

further to befal me. I found a small quantity of wine left in my camp-bottle, which I drank eagerly, and which served to refresh me much.

Meanwhile, it had become dusk, and the short twilight of a spring-day was succeeded by a rather dark night. The discomfort of my helpless situation was thereby not a little increased. I had reason to fear that, in the night, patroles of our soldiers might march past close to me without finding me. A dread also that wolves, which hereabout were very numerous, and often annoyed us much when on guard-duty by their howling, might be attracted by the scent of the dead horses, and that, without power to resist, I might fall a victim to their voracity, thrilled me at times with horror; as well as the idea that on this desolate, unfrequented heath I might not be found at all by human beings, and thus perish by a lingering death. However, I banished these considerations as much as I could; and, on the contrary, firmly resolved, so long as a spark of energy and presence of mind was left me, to make every effort in my power for my preservation.

A great watch-fire, which I soon saw blazing on one side of me, at a considerable distance, it is true, revived my hopes. At length, after a few hours of darkness, the moon rose, to my great joy, and threw such a mild radiance over the wide heath, that I had a view of a considerable surrounding tract.

It might be, by my calculation, about eleven o'clock; when, all at once, I heard the tramp of several horses and the clank of sword-sheaths against spurs, and perceived a party of six horse at some distance. At this sight, I wavered between hope and fear; for I was doubtful whether they were Magyars, or some of our soldiers.

Presently I saw, to my infinite joy, that two of these horsemen wore glistening helmets, which are not to be found in the army of the Magyars; they must therefore be cuirassiers. I quickly drew forth my pistol and fired it; and when I saw that they stopped short at the sudden report, I shouted as loud as I could, "The Emperor for ever!" At this call, the patrole immediately trotted towards me; and I soon found myself surrounded by two

cuirassiers and four hussars of my regiment.

I was saved—at least for the moment.

With lively joy, the brave fellows related to me that, in the morning, the insurgents had been driven back so far that they would drop for the present their hot pursuit of our rear-guard. They told me that I was universally considered as dead; for, at the commencement of the attack on the *honvöds*, I had dropped from my horse; and an hussar who had just afterwards dismounted to look closer at me had found me lying motionless and with my eyes shut. No further notice was in consequence taken of me. In the evening, our cavalry had returned to the quarter where the combat had taken place, and were now bivouacking there by the great watch-fire; and the Major who commanded them had sent off the patrole to find my body, if possible, and to bury it.

With great care the men then lifted me, and placed me upon a large horseman's cloak. Four of them, laying hold of the four corners, carried me as in a hammock; and, leading

their horses by the bridle, set out at a slow pace on their return to the watch-fire. Previously, however, they carefully unbuckled all the knapsacks and cartouche-boxes of the dead, whether friends or foes, to be taken with them; and searched all the pockets and other places where money or other useful articles were likely to be deposited. Whatever was found upon the enemy was lawful booty, which was divided among the patrole party; the rest was punctually delivered to the regiments to which the slain had belonged.

Great and universal was the rejoicing with which I — who had been set down as dead — was received at the watch-fire; and this manifest attachment of my comrades touched me deeply. Unfortunately, I could not here enjoy much rest or nursing, of which I stood in the utmost need. Scarcely had I swallowed a few spoonfuls of warm wine and a bit of hard *kukuruz* cake, when orders all at once arrived to break up, and to fall back upon the main body, or we should run the risk of being turned and cut off.

This was no time for hesitating. Wrapped

in blankets, I was laid in the provision waggon; the men hastily foddered their horses, and away we went at a rapid pace. But, with the jolting of the vehicle without springs, upon dreadfully bad roads, my wounds were so excessively painful, that, much as I strove to contain myself, I could not suppress a moaning and groaning, for which I am still angry with myself. However, I soon became insensible, and saw, heard, and felt nothing more; only I was aware that the waggon sometimes stood still, then proceeded again at a great rate, and, finally, that I was lifted out of it and undressed: but all this seemed to me as but a dream.

A new and cutting pain at length wakened me, and my eyes opened; and what a singular sight presented itself! I lay stretched on a long table, completely stripped. I now beheld my faithful attendant for the first time since I was wounded: he was holding my legs fast, so that I could not move them; and I felt both my arms fettered in the same manner.

Stooping over me stood a surgeon, with large spectacles on his nose, an apron already

stained with blood about his waist, his shirt-sleeves tucked up high, and beside him an assistant, with glistening instruments in his hand. The doctor was unmercifully groping about in the shot-wound, to find the ball; and it was the pain caused by this operation that had wakened me out of my stupor. At length he succeeded in laying hold of the ball with the forceps, and extracting it. The wound then received a regular dressing. The practitioners of the healing art immediately turned to my thigh; and there too I had to suffer severe pain. I was then carefully laid upon a bed, composed of a heap of straw, blankets, and saddle-cloths, in the corner of an old, smoky, dirty chamber.

During this operation it was broad daylight; on my inquiring, I learned that it was near noon; so that I must have been carried along for many hours in an unconscious state. Some broth, prepared from portable soup, which our surgeons usually carried with them, and a bit of maize-flour cake, did me much good. My faithful attendant, tears the while rolling upon his bushy, black moustaches,

seated himself at the foot of my couch, to watch by me while I reposed. From him I learned that we were in the public-house of a village strongly occupied by our troops, and that we should probably be allowed to rest there for some time.

Rejoiced at this prospect, I soon fell into a refreshing slumber; but not long was I permitted to enjoy this so needful repose. The blast of trumpets, the rolling of drums, the neighing of horses, the clatter of arms, all the clamour of a body of troops preparing to break up, awoke me, towards evening, just as the rays of the setting sun were tinging my small, half-broken window with a purple radiance.

Presently, Dimitri entered, with some soldiers of the train. "Off, off, again, Gospodine!" cried he, in his bad German.

This was melancholy intelligence. A journey upon the wretched roads, and the end of which could not be foreseen, would inevitably doom me to renewed sufferings. But what else could be done than submit with resignation to what was unalterable?

I was hastily lifted up and carried to a large covered waggon, in which were already laid five wounded men upon a heap of straw. No sooner was the creaking and jolting vehicle set in motion, than I heard the reports of single musket-shots, the loud "*Eljen! eljen!*" of the Magyars, the "Hurrah! hurrah!" of our Germans, and the "*Zivio! Zivio!*" of our Croatian troops; and the battle had already begun.

While my comrades were fighting, I was obliged to resign myself to being dragged on, ill and miserable, in the dark waggon. Presently a strong red glare arose in the dark horizon. Our troops, unable to maintain the village against the superior numbers of the enemy, had set it on fire, to cover their retreat.

Yes, that was an awful night! Never, while I live, shall I forget its torments and terrors. My wounds pained me excessively, from the everlasting jolting of the waggon; for we were driven, almost always at full trot, upon nearly unbeaten roads. Besides, we lay closely wedged in the vehicle, and my poor companions moaned and lamented. Next to me, so close that his

lips almost touched my ear, lay a Bohemian, whose leg was shot off, and whose incessant "Jesus Maria! what have I done, that I must suffer so! Jesus Maria!" cut me to the soul.

Then the brisk firing, sometimes more distant, sometimes quite close to us; the cursing and storming of the soldiers, riding past, or behind, or before us; and the cruel dread of falling perhaps the next moment into the hands of the enemy—all together rendered my situation truly terrible; I cannot even now think of it without shuddering. In addition, the bandage about my body had got loose, and I found my wound beginning again to bleed, so that I was fearful I might bleed to death.

One of my companions in suffering had already breathed his last, with the Hungarian name of Erzsebet (Elizabeth) upon his lips; and I cannot deny that I often wished to be in his place.

In the course of a few hours, the pursuit on the part of the enemy slackened; we therefore could frequently proceed at a foot-pace; when, at least, the pains somewhat abated.

Morning at length came, after a night that to me appeared never-ending. On the bare heath, not a human habitation that might have afforded us a shelter was to be perceived. Neither was any thing to be heard or seen of the enemy: and so we kept moving forward, accompanied by a few squadrons.

At length, about ten o'clock, we came to a solitary *pusta*, which was tolerably roomy, and appeared not to have suffered very much; and to me the order given for halting here sounded like an angel's greeting. When I was carried, pale and exhausted to the utmost, past the surgeon who had dressed my wounds the day before, I heard him, conceiving me to be insensible, observe to his assistant, "Another such ride, and 'tis all over with him."

This was no very cheering prospect.

LETTER X.

Quarters of the invalid at the Pusta—The landlady, a genuine Magyar, and her family—Their reserve—Extraordinary discovery of the portrait of an hussar painted long ago by the Writer—Favourable influence of that portrait on the family of the inn—Orders arrive to fall back by forced marches—The Writer prevails on the landlady to keep him at her house—Mutual promise of secrecy—Preparations for his assuming a new character—Circumstances of the family at the inn—Armed troops of horse-herds—Visit of some of their number to the Writer—Their persons, dress, and accoutrements—Extraordinary whips—Wilma, the landlady's eldest daughter—Uncle Imne—Gradual convalescence—*Pesti Hirlap* (Pesth newspaper), formerly edited by Kossuth—Stock of cattle belonging to the family—Mode of forwarding insurgents' despatches—Provisions sent from the Pusta to the army of the Magyars—With the recovery of strength, the Writer resolves to leave the Pusta—He buys of the landlady a light cart and a pair of horses—Magyar patriotism.

The indefatigable attention of my servant procured me in the *pusta* a separate small, very habitable room up-stairs, with a clean bed, a luxury to which I had long been unaccustomed. The surgeon, however, when he

renewed the dressing, dubiously shook his head, and recommended above all things perfect quiet; and this advice I had it for the moment in my power to follow. My little room was quite retired, so that no noise could reach me, and that, notwithstanding my pains and the violence of the wound-fever, which now began to seize me, I seemed to be in paradise.

Thus I lay undisturbed in my confused dreams for two whole days, till the fever began to abate, and I could look round me with rather more freedom, and even attempt to talk. I now saw the mistress of the *pusta*, who, with a girl of fifteen, and a boy twelve years old, was the sole inhabitant of the house.

She was a genuine Magyar in manner, dress, and language, whose features, which must have been very handsome when she was young, betrayed sullen contempt for us her enemies, and who, with her two children, was as sparing of words as possible. Notwithstanding this unkind reception, I liked the woman for her firm, decided manner, her upright car-

riage, her quick gait, and the great cleanliness and order in her household matters.

As my Dimitri informed me, the provisions in the *pusta* were almost entirely consumed; so that the two squadrons, which still lay here, could obtain scarcely any thing but *kukuruz* for themselves and their horses. I myself was living almost entirely on portable broth, of which the surgeon had left me a packet, with *malais* (*kukuruz*-bread) in it.

Among the objects in my room, a picture which hung opposite to me in a black frame, adorned with a green wreath of moss, particularly attracted my notice; it seemed to represent an hussar in the uniform of my former regiment. I desired Dimitri to hand it down to me upon the bed. But what was my astonishment when I recognised in it the portrait in water-colours of an hussar of my former squadron, painted by myself some years ago, and at the lower corner of which my name as the artist was still to be seen!

As I draw tolerably, and am a good hand at a likeness, I often amused myself with painting likenesses of hussars in my troop in

water-colours. To their great gratification, I generally presented those who had sat to me with their portraits, which they were accustomed to send to their homes. Such was the picture which now fell so unexpectedly into my hands in the *pusta*.

I sent immediately to the landlady, requesting her to come to me. I asked her to whom that picture belonged, and how it had come into her possession. "It is the portrait of my eldest son Istvan (Stephen); he sent it to me," replied she, in a sharp tone and lowering look.

"And is Istvan your eldest son? I am glad of it. *I* painted that. Look here—there is my name in the corner."

At these words the woman fixed her dark eyes upon me with a look as keen as though she would have read my soul, to discover whether I told the truth, and replied, "Are you the German gentleman who was so long Istvan's officer, and who painted this picture?"

"Indeed I am," said I—"only ask Dimitri yonder."

Her face suddenly assumed a totally dif-

ferent expression. She grasped my hand, hanging out of the bed, and said, "Then I owe you much gratitude. You are an excellent man. Istvan has written so much good about you, and how you saved him from a heavy punishment."

This was quite correct. Istvan, a very good soldier, but, like most of the Magyars, passionate and hasty, had once, when intoxicated, struck on the breast and wrested his sword from an Italian sergeant, who had used some harsh words to him. Had this misdemeanour been reported and come under investigation, the hussar would no doubt have had to run the gauntlet several times to and fro.

I pitied the lad, and privately prevailed upon the sergeant, who, like all Italians, was very fond of money, by means of a few ducats, to say nothing about the affair; and contented myself with giving the culprit in private a most serious lecture, into which I introduced all the Hungarian imprecations that I was master of. The lad was much affected, and promised that he would never forget my kind-

ness in saving him from a severe punishment. And this he must have written or told his mother.

From that moment my relations with the inmates of the house were totally changed. When the little dark-eyed Treescy, (Theresa) with her two long black tresses, soon afterwards came to bring me a piece of a watermelon, she familiarly gave me her hand, though previously she had been shy and silent when she entered my room, and left it again as speedily as possible.

I likewise received, in addition to my broth, a few little dainties which I had not seen before; for instance, *notis* (dry cakes made of wheat-corns that have sprouted) and *tarhonya* (bread of *kukuruz*-dough mixed with buttermilk, and baked in the form of cakes, which will keep for years). I now perceived that there must be more provisions concealed in the *pusta* than our soldiers knew of, and that it was not so poor as those who came to see me related.

I had enjoyed for three days this better treatment, from which I derived great benefit,

when orders suddenly came to fall back further in forced marches, as the whole country would soon be occupied by the insurgents. A long hasty journey by waggon, as in that dreadful night, I could not have endured; I must have perished miserably; this I felt thoroughly convinced of, recollecting at the same time the observation of the surgeon, made on that occasion, when I was carried past him.

My resolution, therefore, was quickly formed: I would beg my landlady to let me remain at her house, there await my perfect recovery, and then endeavour to escape as I could to our army. As I speak Hungarian tolerably well, and am intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of the hussars, I might, in case of necessity, give the enemy to understand that I had formerly been an hussar; that I had been long in Italy; and that I had now been fighting on the side of the insurgents.

I instantly sent Dimitri to call the landlady, and acquainted her with my plan. At first, she shook her head disapprovingly, and

said that the *honvöds* would be sure to take me, and that they would then punish her justly for having concealed an imperial officer. I strove to remove this apprehension.

She looked at me for some time, and said: "Be it so then! you have been kind to Istvan, and his mother shall be kind to you. Besides, you are a German, of course have no country, and so it may be no sin in you if you do fight against us. If you were a Magyar, and taking part against us, I would rather burn my hand off than save you."

I was now obliged to promise to keep whatever I should thenceforward see and hear in her house profoundly secret from the Magyars; and she, on her side, gave me a solemn assurance that I should have no treachery to fear from the inmates of her house.

When I communicated my design to the Major commanding in the *pusta*, he would not hear of it at first, and said that it was too hazardous a scheme to put myself voluntarily into the hands of the insurgents; but, when he had spoken with our surgeon, he told me that, after all, perhaps, I could not do better

than stop there, as I should scarcely be capable of bearing the forced march. I then earnestly entreated him not to say a word about me to the landlady, and not to utter any threats against her, in case she should betray me.

I now had my uniform, my fine shirts, in short, all my property which indicated the imperial officer, packed up, and charged Dimitri to take it with him. I was very sorry to part from this faithful fellow, and he too wept bitterly when I told him that he must go off with the party, and leave me behind by myself. The landlady had positively declared that he must not stay, at the same time justly remarking that the first Magyar detachment which might chance to arrive would seize and slaughter him.

I obtained from the Major a certificate that I was an imperial officer who had been left behind there on account of severe wounds: this, together with a description of my person, having the seal of the regiment annexed, I had sewed up under the lining of an old *bunda* (sheep-skin) which I possessed.

This I did that, in case I should hereafter fall into the hands of imperial troops, I might be able to prove by these documents who I was. I also caused ducats to be sewed up here and there in the *bunda*, in a pair of old *tschismen* (hussar boots) and in the lowest border of the *gatjes*, (wide linen trousers) that I might have money for any emergency. The doctor left with my landlady a supply of balsam, sticking-plaster, and medicine, and briefly instructed her how they were to be applied; and thus every thing was done that could be done under the circumstances to promote my recovery. My comrades and many of the men sorrowfully took leave of me; I shook them by the hand with painful feelings — many of them, perhaps, for the last time in this life.

I listened as long as possible to the trumpets of the retiring party; and, when the tones ceased, a profound feeling of solitude and loneliness came over me, and my heart was sorely depressed. Wounded nearly to death, entirely alone, in the power of the enemy, exposed defenceless to any treachery; nay, to every untoward accident—a fearful situation, truly,

in which melancholy thoughts might well depress the mind of any man. But I strove forcibly to dispel them; and, though ill and enfeebled, I soon recovered my old buoyant soldierly assurance.

Little Treescy seated herself at my bedside, and chatted familiarly with me; and her brother Mischko (Michael), too, a boy twelve years old, in wide *gatjes*, with spurs already at his heels, and a broad-brimmed hat on his head, a genuine Magyar in miniature, came to me, now that the soldiers were gone, without reserve.

"To-morrow, Sister Wilma and Uncle Imne (Emmerich) will come back with the cattle," cried the young ones joyously to me; and when I asked inquisitively about those persons, whom I had not before heard mentioned, my hostess informed me that her eldest daughter Wilma, who was grown up, and an elder brother of her husband's, who had but one leg, always fled, with the cattle which they still possess, to a great *hansag* (marsh), some miles from the *pusta*, to which the soldiers cannot follow them.

Her husband and two grown-up sons, Sandor (Alexander) and Laszlo (Ladislaus), had joined the Hungarian army several months before; and Istvan was now serving under Klapka, and must be at that moment in Comorn. Her two men-servants also were among the *honvöds:* and they had already contributed, voluntarily and without pay, eighteen horses, some twenty bullocks, and as many hogs.

In peaceable times, the family subsisted on the produce of the cattle and the extensive lands which they held in hereditary tenure under Count S——, and it was, as the woman herself told me, in thriving circumstances. All were true Magyars of the purest blood, enthusiastic for the independence and the greatness of their country, for which they were ready to make any sacrifice.

On the morning after the departure of our troops, I was awakened by a great uproar. Horses were neighing in the yard, amidst loud cracking of whips, mingled with plenty of *Teremtete! bassa maika!* or *bassamanelka!* No doubt, Magyar troops must be below; and

I cannot deny that my heart throbbed at the idea.

Little Treescy presently came and told me that a troop of about fifty armed *tschikos* (horse-herds) was below, to give their cattle a bait; but I might be quite easy, for, as I had been so good to Istvan, they would not betray me.

I had agreed that, in such cases, they should give out that I was a cousin, who had served in Radetzky's hussar regiment, and who had recently been dangerously wounded. I had purposely mentioned Radetzky's regiment, because it was still in Italy, and few hussars who had belonged to it were serving under Kossuth.

"God forgive me the heavy sin of being obliged to lie to a Magyar!" said the mother, with a deep sigh, when we had concerted this falsehood.

The Hungarians had been there about half an hour, when I heard men's footsteps and the clanking of spurs on the stairs. Can it be that I am betrayed? was the first thought that darted into my mind; and I was about to grasp mechanically the pistol under my pillow, when

the innocent face of the girl still sitting beside my bed calmed me.

The door opened, and three *tschikos* entered with an aged man at their head. The hearty *Jonapot agyaliök!* ("Good day, cousins!" a very common salutation among the Magyars) with which they addressed us, made me perfectly easy immediately. They had heard below, they said, that a cousin of the landlady's was lying ill up there, and they came to inquire how I did, and to wish me a happy recovery. Upon pretext that talking was still very painful to me—which was true enough—I said but little, and my visitors soon retired with familiar nods.

They were hale, hardy fellows, expressly cut out for excellent light horse. Clumsy boots, with long, rusty spurs; long, wide, unseamed *gatjes*, of coarse white linen; a short white shirt of the same stuff, hanging down over them; together with a *kōpengeg*, (a long white cloak of coarse woollen stuff, adorned with braiding of various colours) fastened by a string, fell, like an hussar pelisse, down the back—such was their dress.

Their small round felt hats, with a very broad brim, around which was a band entwined with the Hungarian colours, they had taken off on entering the room, so that their long, black hair fell loosely over their bare necks.

The eldest, and, as I afterwards learned, the leader, wore a splendid sword, with golden hilt, probably a trophy which he had taken, suspended from a band worked with gold; forming a singular contrast with his dirty shirt. The two younger had a *czakany* (hand-bill) with long wooden handle, stuck under the leathern thongs that held up the *gatjes*. Each of them carried in his hand a long whip, to the end of the finely-platted lash of which are attached four or five leaden balls, of the size of small musket-balls.

This whip, which has not a very long handle, but the lash of which is about twenty feet in length, is used as a sling; and in the hand of an expert *tschiko* it is a dangerous weapon. When the horse is going at full speed, they will hurl the whip in such a manner, that the balls twine round the neck or leg of the man or beast that they intend to take, and they

have either of them completely in their power. A clever *tschikos* seldom misses his aim, even though it may be running ever so fast; and while his own horse is going at full gallop.

After a halt of a few hours, the wild crew, with loud shouts of *Eljen Kossuth!* scampered off again, of which I was heartily glad.

In the evening of the same day, I received a far more agreeable visit. Wilma, the eldest daughter, who had returned with her little herd from the *hansag*, came to pay her respects to me—a genuine Hungarian beauty, tall and slim, firm in carriage, elastic in gait and movement, with regular features, dark, expressive eyes, a bold arched nose, and luxuriant raven-black hair. Her dress, on account of her masculine occupation, was half Amazon—black *tschismen* on her neat feet; *gatjes*, of blue linen; a short petticoat of the same colour, bordered at bottom with a narrow red ribbon; a tight-fitting spencer of dark blue cloth, made almost like the dolman of an hussar, and having two rows of white buttons at the breast. She wore her hair in two long tresses, entwined with

a narrow red, blue, and green ribbon (the Hungarian colours).

Next morning old Uncle Imne also came to see me—a handsome old man, in a neat Hungarian national dress, with snow-white hair and large moustache; he had served in an hussar regiment from 1802 to 1817; had been advanced to sergeant-major, and received the silver medal for bravery, which he could not wear now.

Notwithstanding these military recollections, to which he was fond of adverting, old Imne was, with body and soul, a partisan of the insurrection; and often lamented that, being a cripple, he could no longer take the field. To me he was of essential service, for he perfectly understood the management of wounds, and dressed mine with great care and dexterity. Upon the whole, the attendance that I enjoyed here was excellent, and entitles those good people to my everlasting gratitude.

Here, then, I lay for three weeks longer continually in bed, frequently tormented with very violent pains, till my strength at length permitted me to be up for a few hours, and

to hobble about the house with a stick. During all this time, I saw nothing whatever of enemy's troops. A few times, indeed, some *honvöd* patroles were below, in the yard, but none of them came into my room. Once, several battalions and squadrons, with loud singing and music, passed in the middle of the night under my window.

About the rest of the world I heard not a word during the whole of my abode at the *pusta*, which lasted nearly seven weeks—not a word—and yet I was rarely troubled with *ennui*. At first I slept a great deal, or lay for hours together in fevered dreams; subsequently, one of the girls, generally little Treescy—more rarely the handsome Wilma—would sit by my bed, chat with me, or read to me, out of an old Hungarian chronicle that was preserved in the house, the history of Matthias Corvinus, Hunniades, and other Hungarian heroes. Sometimes, also, I turned over old files of the *Pesti Hirlap*, (Pesth Newspaper) which, formerly edited by Kossuth, acquired powerful influence throughout all Hungary, and prepared the way for the

insurrection. I could not refrain from admiring the glowing language and the great perspicuity which prevail in every thing that proceeds from the pen of that highly-gifted man.

Afterwards, when I began to go about a little, I took great pleasure in observing the many peculiarities of the household, and the manners of the family; and, though I thought I knew Hungary tolerably well, I here saw and heard much that was quite new to me.

The principal occupation of the family consisted, as I have said, in raising cattle. By the voluntary contributions for the Hungarian army, the stock, which now old Imne, or little Mischko, or sometimes one of the girls, with the aid of three or four huge white wolf-dogs, alternately tended, had very considerably decreased. Of horses they had now no more than five mares, which were too old, and twelve or fourteen foals, still too young for military service: they had already furnished eighteen useful horses, as I have before stated. To their own were often added hurt or galled horses, sent from the Hungarian army as unfit

for duty for the moment, that they might here recover at grass.

The horned cattle, too, were now reduced to some thirty head; all the rest had been given to the army: in like manner, there were but few hogs and sheep left. The mistress of the house once told me that she had sent all her silver trinkets, her daughters even the silver crosses from their bosoms, together with six hundred florins which she had saved, as a voluntary donation to the Hungarian military chest.

Here, in the *pusta*, inhabited almost exclusively by females, it was quite clear to me what prodigious resources the Hungarian insurrection must have had at its command from such enthusiasm in the whole nation. Thus it happened almost daily that some intelligence or other was to be forwarded as speedily as possible, from one division of the Hungarian army to another. This was frequently done by means of fire-signals—high poles, with maize-straw fastened about them, which blazed from *pusta* to *pusta*.

At night, one of the members of the family

was always upon the watch to descry the signal, and to transmit it the next moment. Still more frequently, however, there came messengers on horseback, usually little boys, with letters which were to be forwarded immediately. When such a postboy was still at some distance from the *pusta*, he cracked his whip, while the horse was going at full speed, and set up a shrill cry. No sooner was he heard, than little Mischko seized the first two or three-year old foal he could lay hold of feeding close at hand, threw a halter, made of rush cords, over his head, and sprang upon his bare back. The messenger flung him the despatch, commonly tied up between two small pieces of board, and named the place of destination. Mischko cracked his whip lustily, gave a loud whistle, and away galloped the spirited foal, frequently kicking out behind and before, over the extensive plain to the next *pusta*.

Such a transmission of despatches was not attended with the delay of a minute. If Mischko was not at hand, or happened to be already riding post, one of the girls would

take his place. On a dark, stormy, rainy night, when Mischko was already out, and another despatch suddenly arrived, I have known Wilma, without saying a word, run to the horses, fling a halter over the head of a three-year old stallion, spring like lightning upon the back of the rearing animal, smack her long whip, and dash away over the dark heath.

Next morning, seated quietly by my bed, she told me that she rode ten miles out and ten miles back, and was at home again soon after twelve o'clock. Indeed, they are a real Centaur race: the two girls, as well as the boy, would seize by the mane the first two or three-year old foal they come to, leap on his back, often without so much as a halter, and gallop him to and fro upon the heath.

Provisions of every kind were also frequently furnished from the *pusta* for the Magyar army. Old Imne often drove off with a waggon so heavily loaded with bacon, *kukuruz*-flour, wine, brandy, and *paprika*, that the small horses could scarcely draw it, and not return for several days. All these pro-

visions were concealed in pits very curiously constructed in the ground out of doors; so that, when imperial troops came, they found nothing in the house but *kukuruz*.

Thus the difficulties of war were infinitely aggravated for us; we had incessantly hardships of every kind to encounter; and, notwithstanding the excellence of our soldiers, they could scarcely move from the spot. The Hungarians, on the contrary, were constantly informed, with the utmost celerity and punctuality, of all our motions, and found almost every where provisions of all sorts, while we were so often forced to hunger and thirst.

For the rest, my fare at the *pusta* was very simple, but abundant. The doctor, at parting, had positively enjoined me not to partake of dishes in which there was much *paprika* or much bacon; and so I was prevented from sharing in most of the national viands of the family, in which those two articles generally perform a principal part. I lived chiefly on milk, *kaposta* (cabbage), farinaceous dishes of *kukuruz*, and eggs; and the excellent wine, of which my landlady supplied me with as

much as I desired, did me a great deal of good.

Thus I gradually regained strength; and, though many a week might yet pass before I could again mount a horse, I was strong enough to take walks for hours, and to drive about in a light car. But, with the feeling of health, the wish to get away from this place became daily stronger and stronger.

At length, I resolved to make an attempt to steal through to the Imperial army. This was difficult and dangerous, but not impossible. The members of the family, and the landlady in particular, strove to dissuade me from this idea, and to represent it as impracticable.

As, however, I kept continually harping upon it, the mother at length said, "Well, you can do so, for you are not our prisoner. You have promised not to reveal anything of what you have seen here, and you will keep your word. For, though you are a German, and help to ill-treat Hungarians who have done you no harm, still you are in other re-

spects an excellent man. Go then, if it is your pleasure."

I then requested her to sell me a light covered cart, several of which were standing in the yard, and likewise two horses, which had lately been sent back from the army as being galled and unfit for riding. I meant to try to reach the military frontier of Croatia.

"If you will promise me," said she, "that the horses shall never with your consent serve the dark yellow people, (*Schwarzgelben*) you shall have them, the cart, and harness, for eight ducats." The bargain was presently concluded.

Abundantly provisioned with several bags full of *kukuruz*, some flitches of bacon, and a cask of Buda [wine], my light vehicle, with the small lean horses, in wretched harness, stood in the morning before the door of the house, ready to convey me into the uncertain distance.

The parting from this excellent family, which had so kindly tended me, the foe of their country, cut me to the heart, and tears had well nigh filled my eyes. I timidly asked the mother if she would not permit me to pay

her something for attendance and entertainment.

She looked proudly at me, and said in a grave tone: "How can you, a German, offer a Magyar money for her entertainment? But, hold! our country needs money just now for war; give a ducat per week—I will send it to the military chest."

Ashamed, I handed to her seven ducats; as I had been just seven weeks at the *pusta.*

I cordially shook hands with all, and mounted the sack of hay which served me for a seat: my spirited nags started off; and I followed at a rapid rate the scarcely perceptible ruts which led to the south-west.

When shall I have it in my power to repay those simple, noble-minded creatures the debt I owe them!

LETTER XI.

The Writer travels disguised as an Hungarian peasant—Meets with a body of Insurgents—Is forced to accompany a detachment of the Polish Legion, as carrier — Escapes from it—Directs his course for Styria—Reaches Lake Platten—State of his wounds—He falls in with Insurgents, by whom he is again detained—Appointed superintendent of the cart-drivers — Incidents while acting in this capacity—Passage through Pesth, where he sees the Countess St—— —Action with the Russians—Despondence of the Writer—Another encounter with the Russian troops—Precipitate retreat of the Magyars — The Writer, purposely upsetting his cart, contrives to be left behind, and surrenders to the Russians—Their kind reception of him—He joins a convoy, and travels to Moravia, to await there his complete recovery.

On leaving the *pusta*, I drove on all day over the desert plain, without seeing a human creature.

About noon, when the sun was intensely hot, I halted at a half destroyed draw-well, out of which I raised with great difficulty some water for my horses, by means of my hat, which

I let down with the lash of my whip. I refreshed the animals and myself with a few hours' rest, food, and drink, and then proceeded at a rapid pace.

At times I perceived solitary *pustas* on one side or the other, but kept away from them, as I wished to meet with as few persons as possible. For the rest, I was clothed, exactly like an Hungarian peasant, in wide coarse linen *gatjes*, and a short shirt of the same kind of stuff; a round broad-brimmed hat of coarse felt on my head; and near me lay an old sheep-skin. In addition, I was so tanned, that I might well pass for a wounded private hussar.

When it grew dark, I fastened the horses to the cart, threw down fodder for them, collected heath and dry sticks by the way-side, kindled a fire, and broiled myself a slice of bacon, which made me a supper with *kukuruz*-bread and wine. Then, wrapping myself in my *bunda*, I lay down in the cart to sleep. It was a singular feeling to be thus entirely alone, left wholly to myself and my own exertions but Nature soon asserted her right, and

I slept soundly and undisturbed till early morning, when I prepared to continue my precarious journey.

I had been travelling some hours, when a numerous body of irregularly-clothed and ill-armed *honvöds*, led by a corporal in the uniform of his late regiment, came towards me. No very agreeable meeting this, which might easily bring calamity upon me: I contrived, however, to put a good face on a bad game. *Jonapot, agyaliöch!* (Good day, cousins!) cried I cheerily to them. *Jonapot!* was their salutation in reply. "Where from, and whither away?" asked some inquisitive fellows. "I'm a wounded hussar; unfortunately cannot ride. I'm carrying provisions, by way of doing something, and am now bound for Folna." "Good luck go with you!" replied the corporal; and so I was suffered to proceed.

I had come off better than I expected; and my confidence in the prosperous issue of my journey was thereby not a little strengthened. Unluckily, it was destined to be very soon most painfully dissappointed. In a few hours, I again met a strong troop of horse, at least four

hundred strong. When I saw at a distance the glistening points of lances, I conjectured in the first moment that they were Imperial Hulans, though it was scarcely possible that there could be any of them in those parts. They belonged to a Polish partisan corps, mostly armed with lances or straight scythes.

I was stopped by the very first of them, who thought it was a lucky accident, and said that I must turn back with them, and carry the sick men. Against this I protested to no purpose, and pleaded the urgency of my business. "Have you any certificate in writing, peasant?" cried the leader of the troop, an old Polish officer, in an imperious tone; and when I answered in the negative, he replied in his Polish-German-Hungarian gibberish, "Then come along with us: to a patriotic man like you it must be all the same whether you are driving here or there; we want carriages, and that's enough."

This was a sad affair for me. To accompany the Polish legion as carrier had never entered into my calculation; and then the danger of being discovered and shot upon the spot for a

spy was not small. Necessity, however, knows no law, and so I was obliged to submit. I quietly joined the five Slowack peasants' carts, which followed this troop of cavalry, and now had to direct my course to the north-west, instead of the south-west.

My first cargo consisted of one German and four Polish horsemen, who were suffering from ague to such a degree as to be unable to hold themselves upright in the saddle. The poor fellows' teeth chattered as as they lay close together in a car, from which their comrades had immediately carried off my stock of wine, and drunk it with great glee. In other respects, they behaved orderly, nay, even civilly towards me; and, upon the whole, good, I may say strict, discipline prevailed in the corps.

These troops were mostly from Gallicia; chiefly young men from Lemberg, and other Gallician towns; and the officers were wholly Polish gentlemen, who had fought in 1831 against the Russians, and in 1846 against us. There were also among them many deserters from our Polish Hulans and infantry regiments,

which might easily be perceived in their more stiff military bearing.

The clothing of the men, consisting in a short Polish *literka*, was good, the arms in fair condition; the horses, mostly of Polish breed, were somewhat worn, but still very serviceable; in short, it was not a contemptible body of horse; and, indeed, divisions of this Polish legion had, at an earlier period, displayed great gallantry in the affairs in which they had been engaged with us. If I was to be absolutely necessitated to play the part of carrier, I should have far preferred serving these Polacks, because among them I ran least risk of being discovered.

We proceeded thus the whole day; gave the horses a feed at noon, and bivouacked at night in the open air. Our vehicles were ranged in a circle, and completely surrounded by advanced posts; so that escape was impossible. For nine days I travelled in this capacity with the Polish legion, living all that time, like the other Slowack peasants, on *mammaliga*, and sleeping at night under the cart, wrapped in my *bunda*. Opportunity for

escape there was none, for we carriers were too well guarded at night, and we scarcely ever met with imperial troops to whom we could have gone over.

At length, however, the wished-for opportunity for flight presented itself. I was detached from the main body, and sent off with another cart, under an escort of six men, to a *pusta*, to take up provisions there.

Darkness, overtaking us on the return, obliged us to halt, and to pass the night by the bivouac fire. My Poles, as well as the Slowack peasant, who drove the other vehicle, had drunk rather too much *sklikowitz* (plum-brandy) in the *pusta ;* and as no surprise whatever was to be apprehended, and not the least mistrust was entertained of me, they were soon fast asleep around the fire.

I determined to avail myself of this opportunity for flight, which might probably not soon occur again; shoved my cart, out of which I had thrown three-fourths of its load, fifty paces back; then led to it the better of my two horses, which had only been galled by the saddle, and was otherwise a sound and untiring

animal, and harnessed him to the vehicle. My other horse, which was old and stiff, and not fit for a rapid journey, I left behind, transferring the head-gear to a young, spirited beast, which a Pole had bought at the *pusta*. I managed to harness the two animals to the cart, and, holding them by the head, led them off slowly and quietly for some hundred paces; then mounted and took my seat, flourished the whip, and galloped off in the dark.

My flight was prosperous. For the moment, at least, I was saved. I continued to move on at a rapid rate throughout the night; and it was not till towards morning that I gave my beasts a hearty feed of *kukuruz*. I was now forced to relinquish my intention of reaching the Croatian military frontier; for my wanderings with the Poles had again carried me too far northward; I resolved now to attempt to pass by Vesprim to Styria.

About ten o'clock by the sun, for this was my only time-piece, I came to a small stream, which seemed to run into Lake Platten, at which I watered my horses; then I drove on without seeing a creature, steering my course

by the sun, and at night by the stars, unremittingly, but slowly, that I might not fatigue my cattle too much, for twenty-four successive hours; till, in the morning, I perceived the waters of Lake Platten.

Here, greatly refreshed by the shade of some willows and alders, which screened me from the burning heat of the sun, I rested for a day and a half; for I felt very unwell, and the wound in my side assumed a worse appearance, and became extremely painful. I fastened my horses to the cart, and gave them plenty of fodder; incessantly cooling my inflamed wounds with wet compresses, for which I laded water out of the lake with my great hat. My fare, since my flight, consisted of bacon, of which I had still a small store, and raw or roasted corns of *kukuruz;* because, unluckily, I could not bring with me either flour or bread, or even a plate, as all these articles were in the other vehicle. In addition, I had in my *tschuttora* (large wooden bottle) a little brandy left, which I drank largely diluted with water.

With recruited strength and fresh courage,

I again pursued my journey. Towards evening, I came to a small village, which appeared to be almost entirely deserted. I stopped at the first house, to procure, if possible, bread, some wine, and a plate. I obtained them all; but at the same time learned, to my dismay, that about six thousand *honvöds* and hussars were resting only a league off. This was sad news; and yet I was forced to feign to be very glad of it.

I was still conversing with the owner of the house, an old peasant, when an hussar patrole rode into the village; and I saw, with alarm, that the men wore the uniform of the regiment to which I had belonged till two years and a half ago; nay, when they came nearer, I discovered in several faces features with which I was acquainted. The danger of being detected was now greater than ever.

Fortunately, the hussars rode past without noticing my cart. Scarcely were they gone, and I had begun to breathe more freely, when a division of *honvöds* came straight to the house. The officer, formerly a *jurat* of Pesth, put some very captious cross-questions to me.

He probably imagined that I had withdrawn from the Hungarian military service out of cowardice, but could not have any notion that I was an imperial officer.

I thought, however, that it was best to offer myself voluntarily as a carrier, in order to escape any further examination. I therefore told the *honvöd* Lieutenant that I would accompany him to his battalion, and serve it as a carrier of provisions, since my wound prevented me from riding, a point on which he might convince himself. This proposal pleased him: he praised my patriotic zeal; and I soon drove off with him to his battalion, which was encamped with two others not far from the village.

The Major, an old, weather-beaten Magyar country-gentleman, who uttered more curses than any other kind of words, called me repeatedly a d—d good fellow, and immediately appointed me chief superintendent over the ten or twelve small peasants' carts that were compelled to follow the battalion. "There are a great many gipsies among the fellows," cried he, in good Hungarian; "cut them

down, the blackguards, and send their souls to hell, if they disobey orders, and attempt to escape!"

I had thus been promoted to head-carrier of a *honvöd* battalion; and could not help laughing at myself, far as I was from liking the confidential post. For the rest, there were in our corps several divisions of hussars of my old regiment, and some of the men I still knew perfectly well by name. I shunned their sight as much as possible, and they passed me without suspicion; never supposing that the Hungarian carman, in dirty *gatjes*, old brown *bunda*, and broad-brimmed hat, over his dark-tanned face, could be their former lieutenant.

Formerly, too, I had been slightly acquainted with several of the *honvöd* officers, from their having been in the Hungarian Noble-guard, or cadets, or lieutenants, in Hungarian regiments. With one of them, who was now captain, I had, two years ago, for some weeks together, frequently played at domino in a coffee-house at Milan.

I was not recognised by him either; for, of

course, he did not deign to look closely at me. In order, however, to be the better concealed, in case of an accidental meeting with the Poles from whom I had escaped, I swapped my two horses on the following day with an Hungarian peasant, who had a couple of Cossack nags, which had been taken from the Russians. The man gave me a *tschuttora* full of good wine into the bargain, as he declared that his beasts did not understand Hungarian, and he could not talk with them.

I now moved about for several weeks with the *honvöd* battalion, without any opportunity for escape presenting itself. The hard way of life, full of exertions of every kind; the pig-meat diet—bacon and *kukuruz* in every variety of form constituting the almost exclusive fare; lastly, the use of wine and brandy, because the water was in general not drinkable, greatly retarded the healing of my shot-wound, and it began to suppurate considerably. In other respects, I fared as well as it was possible to do under such circumstances.

One day, I had a terrible fright: my *bunda*,

in which was all my money, and, what was of far greater consequence to me, my certificate attesting that I was an imperial officer, was stolen. Luckily, I discovered the thief, a *honvöd* soldier, in a few hours, and recovered my *bunda* uninjured. The Major, to whom I complained, awarded to the thief eighty as sound strokes of the cane as ever were inflicted in the Austrian army. I found that such punishments were not sparingly dispensed in the insurgent army; and, upon the whole, that the officers strove to maintain strict discipline.

The soldiers were abundantly supplied with wine, meat, and *kukuruz*, and were mostly well clothed and armed. As for ready money, officers as well as soldiers saw very little of that. We carriers also, in addition to food for ourselves and our horses, received no pay, but were to be compensated by an order upon some Hungarian chest or other.

I was present as a spectator, among an assemblage of peasants, at a great review of our corps, held by Messaros, the Hungarian minister of war. I was formerly brought into

relation in various ways with Messaros, who had been colonel of an hussar regiment; and then neither of us ever dreamt that he should some day ride past me—he as general of an insurgent army, and I as a carrier of provisions.

I passed with my battalion through Pesth; as we were to operate on the other bank of the Danube. I had hoped that we should spend one night at least in the city, when I should have endeavoured to escape in the dark, and to have concealed myself with partisans of the Emperor: but I was disappointed.

In a long train, under a strong escort, without the least stoppage, we proceeded through the streets of the city, so that it was impossible for me to absent myself for a moment. There, in the balcony of a house, stood, in deep mourning, the widow of my poor friend St——, whose death by our balls I have already related to you. Her regular, beautiful face, was very pale, and bore the impress of profound grief.

What vicissitudes of fortune had we all experienced! Three years ago, she, the most

admired young beauty of Lombardy, radiant in all the charms of early womanhood, had given her hand to the handsome, vigorous, wealthy man, who attracted the eyes of all the other sex; and I, the young, pleasure-loving hussar officer, served for brideman—and now—there she stood, a pale, mourning widow, solitary and forlorn — her husband sleeping the everlasting sleep on an Hungarian heath!—and I, as a poor carrier, driving a cart laden with flour under her window!

I descried also behind the window-panes a couple of handsome, youthful faces, belonging to two sisters of my acquaintance. One of them must have been struck by the resemblance of the carman to the well-known hussar officer; for I saw her jog her sister, and point to me with her finger.

From Pesth we proceeded, in a north-western direction, against a Russian corps. Once the insurgents whom I accompanied had a smart action with the Russians, which, however, terminated without much advantage to either side. I myself, with my cart and horses, was obliged to stay, along with the

baggage-waggons, upon a height behind our line. Towards the end of the fight, I and two other Slowack peasants received orders to take our horses out of the shafts, and to hasten with them to the line of battle, to be harnessed to a gun, the horses of which had been shot.

During the short ride thither my wound was excessively painful. Under the hottest fire of the Russians, we put the horses to the gun; in doing this a Russian ball went through my hat, which had fallen from my head, as it lay at my feet; and we drove off. One of the peasants, probably feeling not quite comfortable amidst the fire, attempted to run away while we were harnessing, but was soon overtaken by an hussar of the covering party, and inspired with the necessary courage by smart blows with the flat of his blade.

For me this combat had a still more unpleasant termination. My hope of escaping on this occasion was again thwarted; and I was then overpowered by a despondence such as I had never yet experienced. The bad fare, the unaccustomed employment as car-

man, the uncleanliness which it was impossible to avoid, and a hundred petty disagreeables and annoyances, combined with the constantly disappointed hope of deliverance, reduced me very low—morally and physically; and I was frequently obliged to rally all my energies, lest I should sink under them.

After I had been wandering about for four successive weeks with the *honvöds*, the day of deliverance at length arrived.

Twenty carts had been sent under the escort of a troop of hussars, to fetch provisions. The train was moving slowly forward in a thick wood, when suddenly cries of "The enemy! the enemy!" proceeded from our advanced guard. With the courage peculiar to them, the hussars dashed forward, to throw themselves upon the foe, and I could soon perceive that they were engaged with a strong body of Russian infantry.

The peasants were ordered to face about and drive back with the utmost expedition; but, in turning, I purposely upset my cart, so that for the moment it could not be moved from the spot. The hussars, meanwhile, were

fighting against the superior force of the enemy with the courage of lions, and actually stopped it till all the carts had got off, with the single exception of mine. Above half of the hussars had fallen; when, at length, the rest retreated with great precipitation.

Now or never was the time for me to be saved. I quickly crept beneath my overturned cart, to be screened from any unlucky cuts by the hussars scampering past, and the pursuing Cossacks, and to wait till I could surrender to the returning Russian infantry. My plan was quite successful. An hussar, galloping by, struck at my horses with the flat of his sword, to drive them off; but, being attached to the overturned vehicle, laden with sacks of *kukuruz*, they were unable to stir.

Presently, the first Russian infantry soldiers came up to my car, and were not a little surprised when a peasant crept from beneath it, and surrendered himself as prisoner to them. Some Cossacks, who had, meanwhile, come up, would have taken my *bunda* from me; and, when I resisted, one of them menacingly raised his *kantschuh* towards me; but the

corporal of the infantry took me under his protection, and would not suffer me to be plundered.

In vain I now strove to render myself intelligible to the man, as he understood not a word of German; but, by means of all sorts of gestures and the word *offizier* (officer), which I frequently repeated, pointing, at the same time, to myself, I succeeded so far as to get conducted to the lieutenant of the division. But he too knew nothing either of German or French; and incessantly shook his head, when I strove, in all possible ways, to make him comprehend that I was an imperial Austrian officer.

At last, I ripped open my *bunda*, to show him my written document. He did not understand the writing, it is true; but the seal underneath inspired some respect. He now became quite civil; offered me brandy out of his camp-flask; and ordered the Cossacks, who were ready to appropriate my horses to themselves as booty, to raise my cart, and put the animals to it again. The soldiers, however, kept my sacks of *kukuruz* and pots of

lard, and were soon busily engaged in making with them all sorts of pastry about a large fire.

The officer beckoned me to take a place in the cart, ordered a subaltern and a soldier to seat themselves by me, while two Cossacks were to trot on before upon their small, shaggy beasts; and thus was I conducted, as half a prisoner, to the battalion, which was bivouacking about half a league off.

The Lieutenant-colonel, a tall, handsome man, understood so much German as to be able to read my certificate, and to comprehend my oral explanation. He was very polite to me; but begged me not to take it amiss if, for the moment, he was obliged to treat me as an officer who was a prisoner. He supplied me with what was particularly desirable—some clean linen out of his wardrobe, and a pair of old pantaloons, instead of my old, horrible, filthy *gatjes*, and had my wound examined and fresh dressed by the surgeon of the battalion.

In the evening, he invited me to his supper, which consisted of good beef-steaks, and excellent tea, which was a real cordial to me. For a bed, he ordered me to be furnished with

some blankets, such as the officers had; so that I slept most comfortably. For the rest, a subaltern had orders to keep close to my side, and not to allow me, upon any account whatever, to leave him.

After an excellent breakfast of tea and eggs, I requested that the Lieutenant-colonel, who was preparing to march forward with his battalion, to send me to the Russian General to whose corps he belonged, as I expected to find there an imperial Austrian officer.

With a Cossack, whose horse was fastened to the tail of the cart, as driver, and an infantry soldier as orderly, I proceeded in my vehicle to the head-quarters of the General, two leagues in rear. As accident would have it, I was well acquainted with the Captain placed as orderly officer about the Russian General.

At the moment we entered, he was lolling in a window of the inn, smoking his morning pipe. He looked astounded when he saw me in such a garb, shook me heartily by the hand, and immediately attested that I was exempt from suspicion.

Here I procured the most necessary articles of clothing and linen, in order to make a somewhat more decent appearance, and, through the medium of the Captain, engaged the servant of an Austrian officer who had fallen, as my attendant for the present. I passed two days with the Russian General, from whom I received all possible attentions; but my bodily state did not permit me to enjoy their hospitality in full measure.

I then joined a military convoy, travelling in my cart, wrapped in soft blankets, by short marches, to Moravia, having solicited leave of absence to go to that country. I reached without accident the neat little town, where I knew that good nursing awaited me, and where I am now using all possible means for my recovery.

I shall not be able to take part in the Hungarian war for some months; and it is to be hoped that, meanwhile, it will have been brought to a successful termination.

THE END.

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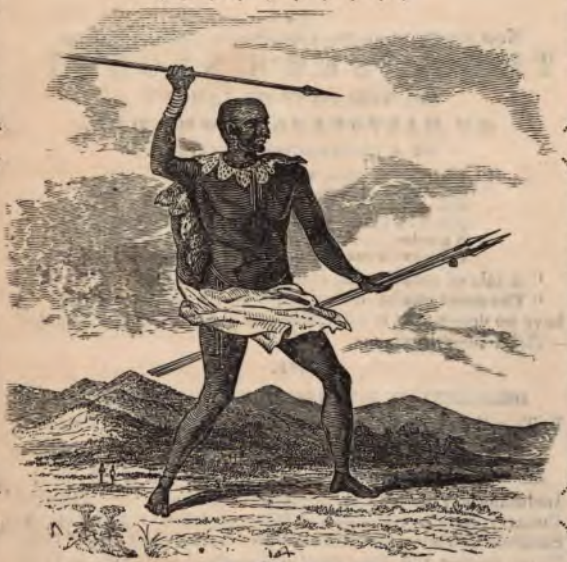

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